

The Nation and The Athenæum

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE House of Commons reassembled on Tuesday, and, very properly, proceeded at once to a full-dress debate on the coal stoppage. Mr. Baldwin's speech contained many points of interest as indicating his state of mind. He explained that there was nothing sinister in the omission from the offer, which he made upon the withdrawal of the General Strike, of the State purchase of royalties and the granting of powers to local authorities to retail coal. He had deliberately confined his Memorandum to points which called for immediate action, whereas both the points omitted required investigation and time. But he had made it clear to the miners' leaders in conference that he had no objection to adding both these questions to the list. On the whole, we do not think that there is much substance in the common criticism that Mr. Baldwin has shown undue evasiveness in his reconstruction pledges. Under this head, the weakest point in his attitude has been the condition which he has always attached to any scheme that it must be accepted by both sides, *i.e.*, in form, by the owners no less than by the miners. But surely this is only a matter of form. It would have been better, we agree, if the reconstruction pledges had been quite unconditional; but we cannot find the cause of the deadlock here. On the other hand, we regard as utterly unreasonable the suggestion advanced repeatedly by Mr. MacDonald, and supported widely in the Press, that a great mistake was made in bringing wages into the forefront, that Mr. Baldwin should have talked at length with the two parties about amalgamations and selling combines, while treating wage reductions as an indelicate subject which might be thought about but should on no account be mentioned. The wage question is, after all, the crux of the problem; and it cannot be shirked. It is here that the real difficulty lies, and we shall only bring the stoppage to an end if we give our minds to it, instead of seizing excuses for talking of something else.

It is in regard to this question that the chief interest attaches to Mr. Baldwin's speech. Two things which he said are significant and, in our view, disquieting. (1) He mentioned that, when pressed in conference to fill in the blank he had left in his Memorandum regarding the wages reduction proposed as a *first instalment*, he had tentatively suggested 10 per cent., that being "a figure that occurred in the Report." (2) He again went out of his way to encourage hopes of subsidy by declaring:—

"it is obvious that whatever settlement is arrived at, sooner or later, and I hope it may be sooner, and here I am going dead against the Report which hon. members are sometimes so fond of quoting across the floor of the House, when I say that it will probably be necessary to render some assistance, and we shall be prepared to do it. . . . I can only say it is obvious that, in spite of what was said in the Report, that is a form of assistance that will be required."

What is the significance of these two passages taken together? Either Mr. Baldwin himself entertains the belief that, though 10 per cent. is as much as the miners are likely to accept, this will not suffice to put the industry on an economic basis. Or he regards it as out of the question to persuade the owners to be content with 10 per cent., and equally out of the question to coerce them. In either case, he assumes that subsidy will be necessary, in addition to the full 10 per cent. cut, indicated as necessary and sufficient, *without* subsidy, by the Commission.

We find this, we say, disquieting. Before the stoppage began, and in the hope of averting it, the case was good for an offer of continued subsidy to tide over a short period. But now that the stoppage has come, and is already prolonged, there is nothing whatever to be said for getting the miners back to work on the basis of wages, in part reduced, and in part subsidized, with the prospect of further unknown cuts to follow. State assistance should now be reserved for the purposes

advised by the Commission, schemes for transferring displaced labour and the like. But that is not all. Mr. Baldwin seems to have adopted the owners' premiss that the capacity of the industry to pay wages is to be measured on the basis of the present price of coal, and so as to retain all the pits which were at work in April. Cannot *he* see, even if the owners cannot see, that the volume of our production is an important factor in the price of coal, even, we might almost say especially, of export coal? If we avoid the false scent of longer hours, quite a moderate closing down of uneconomic pits would, we are convinced, enable the remainder to make ends meet on the basis of a 10 per cent. cut in wages, without any subsidy. But the lure of longer hours is dangerous just now; and we discuss this matter in a leading article.

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In his letter to Sir Godfrey Collins, Lord Oxford has made it perfectly clear that the breach between him and Mr. Lloyd George is complete and irreparable. But "there is no question here," he says, "of 'excommunication' or 'ostracism.'" Mr. Lloyd George "was not driven out; he refused to come in." His refusal to attend the "Shadow Cabinet" is to be regarded as equivalent to resignation.

"I will not continue," concluded Lord Oxford, "to hold the leadership for a day unless I am satisfied that I retain in full measure the confidence of the party."

It thus becomes inevitable that the National Liberal Federation, which meets in a fortnight, should be called upon to endorse or condemn Lord Oxford's action. Eleven members of the "Shadow Cabinet" (Lords Grey, Buckmaster, Buxton, and Cowdray, Sir John Simon, Sir Donald Maclean, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Pringle, and the Whips) have immediately come forward as Lord Oxford's supporters, and have defined the issues in a letter to their chief.

"Mr. Lloyd George," they say, "has insisted upon retaining separate headquarters and a separate fund. He discouraged the putting forward of more than 300 Liberal candidates at the last election, and his methods have often made us suspect that he has not abandoned the idea of a new Coalition."

These are, of course, considerations which might have led to a breach at any time during the past twelve months; they have no special relevance to the ground chosen for the present quarrel. Mr. McCurdy has, however, denied that Mr. Lloyd George was ever consulted as to the number of Liberal candidates put forward at the last election, or that he interfered in the matter in any way. The reference to a "new Coalition" is only intelligible if a coalition with Labour is implied.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George has summoned a meeting of the Parliamentary Liberal Party on Thursday. We go to press before the result of this meeting can be known, but it seems probable that a majority will vote for Mr. Lloyd George's retention of the Chairmanship. It is true that many of the Liberal M.P.s were out of sympathy with their Chairman's attitude during the strike, but these are the remnant of the old Coalition who are inclined to rally for the moment to Mr. Lloyd George when the "feud" is revived. But if the Party retains its present Chairman, what is to become of the Asquithians? Will they secede? Much may depend upon the decision of the Executive of the National Liberal Federation, which is also meeting on Thursday. This body may not improbably express at the same time its confidence in Lord Oxford and its regret at the step which he has taken. Such a resolution might serve to keep the executive in being until the Federation meets; it would not, of course, satisfy Lord Oxford that he retains "in full

measure the confidence of the party," but it is at Weston-super-Mare on June 17th and 18th that this issue must be decided, and resignations are likely to be postponed till then.

* * *

The constituency of North Hammersmith has reverted to Labour, immediately after the General Strike, by a majority much greater than that obtained by Labour in 1923. The recent history of the seat is that it was won for Labour by 800 votes in 1923, was captured by the Tories with a majority of 2,000 in 1924, and has now gone back to Labour by a majority of 3,600. What is the significance of this result? It indicates, we think, that the working-classes as a whole are not interested in the constitutional issues raised by the General Strike; that they sympathize with the miners in their struggle, and that they are not favourably impressed by the part which the Government has played in these transactions. It is, of course, dangerous to base general conclusions on a single by-election, but it looks as though the Labour Party will benefit in industrial constituencies by the present predominance of industrial issues. This will make it easier for Labour to win those seats which it must inevitably win sooner or later; it will not, we think, help it in those constituencies where industrial workers are in a minority. Huge majorities and spectacular victories for Labour may be obtained through the stimulation of Trade Unionism, but if Labour is ever to obtain a Parliamentary majority it will have also to appeal to a different type of voter in constituencies which it has as yet hardly touched.

* * *

The news from Malta that a battleship has been ordered to Egypt is disquieting. The attitude of the British Government towards Egypt seems doomed to alternate between neglect and hasty action. In 1924, after the murder of Sir Lee Stack, our tone was peremptory and autocratic. Never again, we said, would we allow Zaghlul to exercise authority. Since then the situation has been left to drift, and now Zaghlul is back in power with an overwhelming majority of the Egyptian people behind him. Another burst of violent British interference seems to be in contemplation. Judge Kershaw, the President of the Assize Court which recently tried seven men accused of complicity in political murders, has resigned on the ground that four of the men were unjustly acquitted. The British Government has thereupon presented a Note to the Egyptian Government, reserving judgment as to the verdict, refusing to accept it as proof of the innocence of the men concerned, and asserting their right to take action to ensure the safety of foreigners. There is no doubt that we are entitled by the reservations to make this announcement. We should like, however, to be assured that no British pressure to resign was exercised on Judge Kershaw, and that on this occasion the consequences will be considered before strong action is taken.

* * *

"People may criticize me as they please," said Pilsudski in one of the numerous interviews which he has given since the *coup*, "but I shall continue to assert that I have achieved a thing, unique and historical, in having carried out something like a *coup d'état* and succeeded in immediately legalizing it, and in having done something quasi-revolutionary without revolutionary consequences." Addressing a gathering of Polish party leaders on the eve of the Presidential election, he told them (as reported in the *Times* on Monday) "that he does not care who is elected because he still intends to wield the power," that "he was giving the country

its last chance of Parliamentary Government, and that if the Deputies failed now, the next thing they would hear would be the crack of his whip," and suiting the action to the words he cracked his riding-whip three times. This speech, adds the *Times* correspondent, "is understood to have made a great impression." Events have proved this statement to have been correct. Pilsudski's election on Monday has given the last "legalizing" touch to his riding rough-shod over the Constitution, and was the last in the series of abject surrenders on the part of its lawful representatives. But Pilsudski refused the office of President of the Republic; perhaps the man who proposes to crack his whip with a scrupulous regard for "legality" prefers not to swear a new oath on the Constitution. Anyhow, he chose to retain a wider freedom of action.

* * *

It is credibly reported, that, when Signor Mussolini was addressing a meeting during his recent visit to North Africa, and reminding them of Italy's imperial destinies and of his own "unalterable will" (which the damage done to his nose had in no way shaken), a voice cried out "A chi Tunisia," and the audience answered "A noi" with thunderous unanimity. The report, which is thoroughly in keeping with all that we can hear of the visit, lends probability to the persistent rumours that the Consulta is about to fish in the troubled waters of the Moroccan settlement. An article in the *CORRIERE DELLA SERA* has recently stated, that, as the settlement will alter the *status quo* in North Africa, Italy is seriously interested. "There is no honest reason," says the leader writer, "for perpetuating a state of uneasiness such as has existed among the Latin Powers since the exclusion of Italy from the agreement regarding Tangier." The remainder of the article very enigmatically suggests that Italy should press for a revision of the Tangier statute and can probably count on British diplomatic support.

* * *

Whether British support would or would not be given, is not a question which arises at the moment; but it is important to discover what Italian diplomacy is striving for. It would seem as though the move were intended to sow dissension between the French and Spanish Governments—which were sharply divided on the Tangier question—to renew the Italo-Spanish entente, founded by Alfonso's visit to Rome a few years ago; and then to demand a settlement of the Tunisian emigration problem on lines satisfactory to Italian *amour propre*. The Tunisian problem arises from the fact that Italian emigrants are pressing into Tunisia in considerable numbers, and will soon form nine-tenths of the white artisan population of the country. The French are offering every possible inducement to these emigrants to naturalize. The Italians are founding societies and clubs for the sole purpose of combating French naturalization policy, and every year professors and deputies go over to Tunis to preach the Fascist doctrine of Italian unity. Owing to the French Government's persistent opposition to an "international solution" of the Moroccan problem, these questions can undoubtedly be forced into the Moroccan settlement by an interested third party. To press the argument that the *status quo* will be altered, and that all contiguous political problems must be considered, is a normal diplomatic procedure. French realism has been shortsighted, and Signor Mussolini is not the man to let the opportunity go by.

* * *

The Hungarian forgeries trial has ended in a small number of severe sentences, a greater number of

acquittals, and an even greater number of inflammatory and irrelevant speeches. The innocence of Count Bethlen and his Cabinet, which was for a time under grave suspicion, now seems fairly well established. The case of each prisoner was elaborately argued and investigated before barristers with watching briefs for the *Banque de France*, who would certainly have detected "hush up" procedure on the part of the police or the Government prosecutor had there been any. Apart from this, no Government which had been itself a *particeps criminis* would ever be strong enough to confirm a severe sentence upon an accomplice of such rank as Louis Windisch-Graetz. Had complicity existed it would certainly have been provable from private papers in the possession of the chief criminals; and their families would have acted when it became clear that the Government was going to punish its own agents. On the other hand, it would be idle to deny that the plot itself and the wholesale acquittals of more or less implicated persons prove that Hungarian society is restless and disturbed. Great difference of opinion exists as to the best remedy. There is much, however, to be said for the view that these scandals should be treated as an affair for the Hungarian criminal courts, and that the Hungarian Government should be assumed innocent of complicity until proved guilty by something more substantial than rumour.

* * *

Senator Borah has delivered a resounding speech at Baltimore, demanding that Prohibition be left alone. President Coolidge has hitherto contrived to keep himself above the battle. When challenged to declare himself either Wet or Dry, he has said something, usually rather emphatic, about the duty of obedience to the law. Now, however, he is at the centre of the storm, having taken a step which has started a furious constitutional debate. General Andrews, chief of the enforcement department in Washington, has been seeking larger powers from Congress. Failing to get them, he induced the President to sign an executive order empowering the federal Prohibition authorities to call upon the police of the several States to assist the federal officials in the enforcement of the dry law. The result has been an alarmed protest from all sides. The State Governors oppose the order as a direct infringement of State rights. The Wets are angry because the new rule would give the right of search and seizure without warrant to the local police. The Drys are frightened because they realize that any such extension of the federal authority as this order implies would be certain to increase the resistance to Prohibition. The President's action is believed to be regular, since it is a natural sequel of the Prohibition amendment. But Mr. Coolidge himself has lately been asserting the rights of the States against the federal power.

* * *

The tribute to Mr. C. P. Scott, the Editor of the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*, on his eightieth birthday, to which "Kappa" referred in our columns a fortnight ago, is not confined to his Manchester friends. Subscriptions have already been received from Lord Oxford, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Professor Gilbert Murray, and others, for the purchase of Mr. Jacob Epstein's bust of Mr. Scott, which is to be presented to the Manchester City Art Gallery on this occasion. Another hundred pounds is required to complete the purchase, and those who wish to join in doing honour to Mr. Scott should send a contribution of not more than one guinea to Mr. E. D. Simon, at 20, Mount Street, Manchester.

THE COAL DISPUTE: HOURS OR WAGES?

HERE are many signs of the growth among the miners of a mood of disillusioned realism; and the time is probably not far away, if it has not come yet, when the formula of "not a penny off" will no longer be an insuperable obstacle to a settlement. We could wish that there were similar symptoms of a more reasonable attitude on the owners' part; and we could wish that there were clearer signs than there are that the Government were facing the probability of having to coerce the owners, by legislation, along lines such as those which we discussed last week, if Mr. Baldwin's promise to ensure a square deal is to be made good.

Meanwhile, neutral moderate opinion is a factor of the first importance; and there is one question which this neutral moderate opinion urgently needs to think out clearly, if it is not to fritter away its possible influence for good. This is the question of the relative expediency of longer hours or lower wages. The recent Royal Commission examined the proposal for longer hours at some length in their Report and rejected it with emphasis, not on tactical or diplomatic grounds, but on cogent economic arguments, relative to the present condition of the coal industry, to which no one has yet attempted any sort of answer. Despite this, however, the proposal has cropped up with a singular persistence. In the week before the strike began, the word went out to the Press from Conservative headquarters to focus attention on hours rather than on wages; and the revised offer made by the owners at the last moment under Mr. Baldwin's pressure was based on a return to the Eight-Hours Day. Since the strike began there has been an increasing tendency to dilate on the preferability, from the miners' standpoint, of a sacrifice in hours to a sacrifice in wages. Mr. Frank Hodges has lent to this school of thought the weight of his authority as the former Secretary of the Miners' Federation; and his suggestion of an addition of half an hour to the working day has been eagerly seized on as evidence of the view that it is along the lines of longer hours that the most acceptable solution will be found.

Now, it is easy enough to see why this view finds favour. Almost any middle-class person, confronted himself with the alternatives of working rather longer hours or submitting to such a reduction of income as would mean a definite decline in his standard of living, would prefer the former course; and this seems, on the surface, precisely the choice before the miners. Their wages are not high now; their standard of living would be seriously impaired by such reductions as are demanded by the owners in the notices which are still posted up at the pitheads; it can hardly be unaffected by the more modest, but substantial, cuts which, failing longer hours, they will have to accept in the end. The middle-class public can understand quite well the miners' reluctance to accept this prospect; its sympathy with them so far is quite genuine and unaffected. But the objection to longer hours is another matter. The present hours are not long. To work another half-hour or another hour a day would clearly do nothing to impair the miners' standard of life. It would not expose their women and children to privation, or entail any consequences which make a ready appeal to humanitarian sentiment. Nor could it fairly be described as a grinding servitude for the miners themselves. That they should *dislike* it is natural enough; but that they should be especially obstinate about it, when most other people work longer hours than they do, and when their industry is notoriously in a bad way—this does not seem

a reasonable attitude to the middle-class man. He suspects that this is not the miners' real attitude, that the feeling against longer hours is largely prejudice inculcated by quasi-political agitation; and such pronouncements as those of Mr. Hodges confirm him in this suspicion.

Up to a point the middle-class man is right. The rooted objection to longer hours is more a point of the leaders than of the rank and file. Left to himself, the ordinary working miner, who takes a bread-and-butter view of things and does not bother his head much about the social revolution or the progress of mankind, would doubtless prefer to work more hours than to receive less pay. It is further true that the adamancy of the leaders and of the advanced minority of men upon the point is largely due in origin to a peculiar politico-historical sentiment—a sentiment which, looking back to the struggles over the Factory Act, conceives the gradual shortening of the working week as part of the march of civilization rather than as an ordinary economic gain, and which, therefore, attaches to the present working week an almost religious sanctity. This sentiment may be out of place, though it is entitled to respect. But there is much more than this behind the attitude of the miners' leaders. They are alive, more keenly than the owners or the middle-classes generally, to the force of the economic arguments which impressed the Royal Commission. It is high time that some attention was paid to these arguments, especially by journals like the *Observer* which take their stand on the principle of "The Report, the Whole Report, and Nothing But the Report."

In the first place, to describe the choice as one between longer hours on the one hand, and a reduction of income on the other, is superficial and misleading. Longer hours would entail another consequence of the first importance—a heavy increase in unemployment, over and above that which is inevitable in either case. This conclusion cannot possibly be disputed. Let us put the issue sharply. The object is to secure a reduction in the costs of producing coal. Compare, then, the effects of an increase in hours with those of a cut in wages which yields exactly the same reduction in working costs. The economic price at which the owners could afford to sell their coal would be the same in the one case as in the other. The amount of coal for which they could find a market at this price would also be the same. But the number of miners who would be employed to produce this given quantity of coal would be far less, if the alternative of longer hours were chosen;—about 8 per cent. less, if we suppose the lengthening to be half-an-hour per day, about 16 per cent. if we suppose it to be a full hour. From this conclusion, we repeat, there is no escape.

It is still possible to argue that the increase in hours is none the less the preferable course. An argument which assumes or seems to assume that it is desirable to "spread" work as thinly as possible so as to cover the largest possible number of men is a suspect argument, and rightly so; we, for our part, share to the full the general prejudice against this line of reasoning. In general, it is unsound policy to treat an important industry as a convenient channel of unemployment relief; and it is, therefore, in general, unsound to deflect a diagnosis of the needs of an industry in deference to unemployment considerations. In the present case, however, the difficulty is too formidable to be ignored. Displacement of miners is bound to occur in any case on a serious scale; for neither by longer hours nor lower wages shall we get a reduction of costs huge enough to replace the recent subsidy. The displacement of miners is a more formidable affair than the displacement of other workers; the degree to which their industry is

localized in districts where nothing but coal-mining is carried on makes the problem of the transference of labour more difficult than it is in any other occupation—not even the cotton trade excepted. The argument is really very strong against aggravating this problem more than we can help; and to insist on longer hours is to aggravate it; it is as though the cotton trade were to meet a period of depression by working overtime.

This argument, in its turn, is perhaps not conclusive. If the present hours in the coalmines were really as absurdly short as the owners' propaganda suggests, and if present wages were really as scandalously low as Labour propaganda represents them, longer hours would be the only satisfactory *permanent* solution. In that case there might be something to be said for facing all the difficulties now, and accepting an immediate aggravation of the displacement problem, in order to put the industry once and for all on a sound basis of development. But this is not the position. Hours are not absurdly short. The present relation between hours in the coalmines and hours in other occupations is very similar to the pre-war relation, and it is one which is fully justified by the special nature of work below ground, shut off from the light of day. On the other hand, wages are *not* scandalously low. A false impression has perhaps been created on this point even in middle-class circles. There is a new and not unhealthy squeamishness about suggesting that there is a margin for reduction in wages which represent a much lower income than the speaker or writer would know how to live on himself. But the facts remain, as set out clearly by the Commission, that the real wages of the miners are about as high as they were before the war, and are materially higher, both for skilled and unskilled workers, than those which prevail in most other "unsheltered" trades. To revise hours rather than wages would not, therefore, in our view, be sound policy even in the long run, and if it is not sound in the long run it is certainly not sound as a temporary policy in a condition of over-production.

For the argument is not yet complete. We have said that longer hours, as compared with a reduction in wages yielding an equal economy in working costs, would mean more unemployment, because fewer miners would be needed to produce a given quantity of coal, and the market for coal would be no larger. No; but the *attempt* would be made to market a much greater quantity. With longer hours, a much larger number of pits must needs, in the end, close down. But they would not all close down straightaway. The *first* effect of an increase in hours would be to increase the aggregate output of British coal, and thus to intensify the condition of over-production, of supply always tending to outrun demand, which has been the proximate cause of the world-wide coal depression of the past two years. The miners' leaders have solid and substantial reasons for their belief that longer hours would not really prove an alternative to lower wages; that, if they were to accept them the economic position of the industry would soon become worse than ever, and that the owners would come to them again with fresh demands.

To these arguments the owners refuse to pay attention. In their view, to quote their reply to Mr. Baldwin, they are founded "on the false theory that prosperity can be attained through restriction of the output of coal and advancement of prices"; a half-truth which we find the more irritating, as it is not the half of the truth which is really applicable to the present situation. It is like crying "Fire!" in Noah's flood. Certainly, it is a dangerous course to seek prosperity by selling less and selling dear. But it does not

follow that there is no danger in a policy which would lead to a cutting of prices without limit, in the attempt to dispose of far more coal than there is any market for. The subsidy has given us an object-lesson in the fruits of such a policy. We are selling rather more coal abroad as the result of the subsidy, but we are selling it not only at a much lower figure per ton, but for a much lower *aggregate* return.

But our appeal is not to the coal-owners, who, as we remarked a fortnight back, seem past praying for; but to neutral moderate opinion. Insistence by this opinion upon a reasonable settlement, in harmony with the Commission's Report, may yet prove, we believe, a decisive factor in ending the present wasteful struggle. But, if this opinion is to be effective, it must concentrate its forces on a real backing for the Report, not dissipate them in following red-herrings, condemned in the Report. At least let it appreciate the nature of the points at issue.

THE LIBERAL SPLIT

IT was clear enough when we wrote last week, that Lord Oxford intended his breach with Mr. Lloyd George to be final. His haste in publishing his letter of indictment, without waiting for explanation or defence, although Mr. Lloyd George had intimated that he would take "two or three days to consider and consult," left no room for doubt upon this point. Despite the manifestations of Liberal opinion, there could hardly be any drawing back. Thus, no special importance as a fresh development attaches to the further letters which have appeared this week from Lord Oxford and from his principal supporters. They are to be examined primarily for any light which they may throw on the causes of the quarrel.

We said last week that the complaint that Mr. Lloyd George had declined to attend the meeting of the Shadow Cabinet on May 10th was not "in itself a point of substance." So far as the attitude of Lord Oxford and his friends is concerned, we were apparently wrong.

"The Shadow Cabinet," writes Lord Oxford, "is the substitute when the leaders of a Party are in opposition for the actual Cabinet when they are in office, and it has always been understood that membership of it involves similar obligations. I have sat in many Cabinets under various Prime Ministers, and I have not known one of them who would not have treated such a communication from a colleague, sent at such a time, as equivalent to a resignation. I certainly so regarded it."

This contention—that Mr. Lloyd George's letter to Sir Godfrey Collins could only be regarded as an act of the grossest insubordination, as, indeed, a virtual declaration of war—has been elaborated by Lord Oxford's supporters, notably Mr. J. A. Spender, in the Press.

Well, we have tried our hardest to see the matter through these glasses, but we cannot succeed. Surely the doctrine which Lord Oxford enunciates is somewhat austere. A Shadow Cabinet is, after all, a somewhat shadowy thing. The institution is not a very ancient one. Are its traditions so clearly defined, so firmly established, as Lord Oxford suggests? It has always been one of the consolations of being in opposition rather than in office that the obligations of party discipline are not so strict. Public differences of opinion between colleagues on leading questions of the day, such as must have broken up any Cabinet, have been a commonplace in the history of oppositions, especially in the case of the Liberal Party. Lord Oxford does not need to be reminded of the differences during the Boer War. There was no Shadow Cabinet in those days. But, suppose that there had been, and suppose that a meeting had been summoned just after Mr. John Morley had made the speech which

moved Mr. Asquith then to a famous protest, is he quite sure that he would have been incapable of writing just such a letter as Mr. Lloyd George wrote last month? For, after all, there was nothing discourteous in Mr. George's letter. It was certainly a protest against the line taken by Lord Oxford and Lord Grey in the *BRITISH GAZETTE*; but, for Mr. Lloyd George, it was quite a mild one.

Now, look at the matter from Mr. Lloyd George's angle. Was there not justification from his standpoint for a mild protest? The Shadow Cabinet had met on May 3rd, and a certain line of policy had been agreed to. It is common ground that this agreed policy was accurately expressed by Lord Oxford in his speech in the House of Lords. The text of this speech is now available in a pamphlet issued by the Liberal Publication Department, and we find that the key-note of Lord Oxford's peroration was "that the door ought not be closed, but ought to be left open, that there should be, as I believe there is, a total absence of rancour and ill-will upon the one side or the other." But at the time few could know that Lord Oxford had said this, for no paper reported it. On the other hand, messages from Lord Oxford and Lord Grey to the *BRITISH GAZETTE* received great prominence, and there they certainly seemed to strike a different note.

"We desire," declared Lord Oxford, "at the earliest moment the resumption of negotiations to bring peace and reconstruction to our coalfields. But the anti-social weapon, which has been so unadvisedly drawn, must first be sheathed."

"The issue," declared Lord Grey, "must now be decided in favour of free Constitutional Government before any other questions can be dealt with."

Was it not reasonable to detect here a departure from the policy of keeping the door open; and, if this were the policy that had been agreed to, was not some protest natural from a man of Mr. Lloyd George's temperament at a moment of considerable excitement? Is a more sinister explanation really necessary?

We have dealt with these details at some length. It is not that we think them of great intrinsic importance. We cannot find the real explanation of the quarrel here. The real explanation is brought out clearly enough in the letter from Lord Oxford's colleagues. It is general distrust of Mr. Lloyd George. The episode of the General Strike was the occasion of the breach rather than the cause.

On this broad personal issue, we do not, as our readers know, start with any bias in Mr. Lloyd George's favour. The decision that is now being forced upon us is, indeed, a painful one for us, as it must be for countless other Liberals, whose personal loyalties have always gone out towards Lord Oxford, and who yet feel that Mr. Lloyd George has been treated with gross unfairness on this occasion. Perhaps the choice is less difficult for us than it will be for others. For it has always been our view, as we expressed it in January, at a time when our feelings towards Mr. George were by no means kindly, that "it is fundamentally wrong that political alignment should be shaped by personal likes or dislikes, or by the memories of dead controversies. The bent of mind, the outlook on society—these are the true criteria." And, despite a considerable scepticism about his land policy, it has been evident to us for some time that it is Mr. Lloyd George's bent of mind and outlook on society with which we are most in sympathy. This, indeed, explains in a large measure the distrust which his late colleagues now avow. Mr. Lloyd George has been moving very rapidly towards the Left. He sees, and has made it clear that he sees, that the only rôle for Liberalism is on the Left, where it is needed to supply the weakness and the deficiencies of Labour. This is presumably what Lord Grey and the others mean when they accuse him of playing with "the idea of a new Coalition." Well, on this and similar matters we have long seen eye to eye with Mr. Lloyd George. Such agreement might have not sufficed to determine our choice, had the breach come in another way. But, now that it has come on an issue which suggests that Lord Oxford and his colleagues do not mean by Liberalism what we have always meant by it, we cannot hesitate.

EGYPT

By LT.-COM. HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

EGYPT is taking the place of Ireland so far as the British Empire is concerned. True, she is further away, but her position on the Suez Canal makes her importance as vital strategically. We have followed out the same policy in Egypt as in Ireland, and with the same results. We have alternately governed the country by force and by conciliation. Finally, we have granted the forms of independence to Egypt under the tutelage of her own King and a comparatively advanced constitution. The present position shows us still in apparent antagonism to the Egyptian people.

Let us come to the most recent events. During the war the Egyptians behaved well. Egyptian troops assisted to repel the Turkish invasions, Egyptian labour contributed materially to the conquest of Palestine and Syria. The Egyptian popular leaders gave us no real trouble, but, on the other hand, helped and assisted the Allied cause.

Zaghlul Pasha was a trusted Minister under Lord Cromer. He is the greatest popular leader in Egypt. After the war the general unrest and the new wine of democracy no doubt went to the heads of the Egyptians as to the heads of many other peoples. Zaghlul Pasha, willingly or unwillingly, found himself at the head of the movement demanding national independence for Egypt. The old rule of force was tried again. Zaghlul Pasha was deported, first to the Seychelles, then to Gibraltar, and finally allowed to return. Unfortunately, the war not only gave an impulse to the feeling of democracy in Egypt, but also increased the Imperialistic spirit again as in other peoples. The Egyptian Imperialists translated the anxiety of the peasantry as to the security of their water supply into a demand for the Egyptian re-conquest of the Sudan.

Now England has her difficulties. The foreign communities in Egypt are numerous and some of them extremely nervous. Certain of the members of Latin races living in Alexandria in particular are turbulent and have caused a good deal of trouble from time to time. But while they are there they must be protected, or the rulers of their fatherlands will demand the right of intervention. Secondly, we must never forget the need for the absolute security of the Suez Canal in the interests of the British Empire.

The strategical importance of Egypt has been further increased by the development of flight, Egypt being a kind of Clapham Junction for the air routes to India and the East.

Much British capital is invested in Egypt, and there is an important British Colony. The Sudan is one of the new cotton-growing districts of the world, and Lancashire in particular takes a lively interest in the Sudan from a purely economic point of view. How can these obligations, responsibilities, and interests of the British Empire be reconciled with the perfectly natural and, in fact, legitimate demands of the Egyptian people for the right to manage their own affairs? Once more the "Wafd," Zaghlul Pasha's Party, has swept the constituencies in Egypt, and the "Palace" and wrongly styled "pro-British" Party have been obliterated. A few Liberals have been returned containing, as in England, a large proportion of the most experienced statesmen. It was believed that the "Wafd" would form a Coalition with the Liberals, and even that Adly Pasha, who is acceptable to the British, would be trusted with the formation of the next Government. But in any case demands for the Sudan and complete freedom in foreign

relations are reiterated by Zaghlul Pasha speaking on behalf of his victorious Party.

Is there a way out? I believe there is.

First with regard to the control of foreign policy. I believe a new Treaty could be made with the Egyptian people safeguarding all our legitimate interests. Far-sighted Egyptians know well that even were the improbable to happen and the British evacuate Egypt they would be replaced almost immediately by the Italians. A few years ago it would have been the French. But today Italy is the thrusting, expanding power in the Mediterranean and has demanded a larger "place in the sun." The Egyptians know us and know the Italians, and provided their feelings are respected would infinitely prefer British guidance. Part of such a Treaty should include adequate safeguards for the Suez Canal, in guarding which we have an alternative base in Palestine, and, provided this were arranged for and Egypt undertook to make no alliances hostile to the British Empire, it should include a guarantee by Britain of support for an Egyptian application for membership of the League of Nations. This has been done in the case of the newly reborn kingdom of Iraq. And if Iraq is presently to be encouraged to enter the League, surely more politically experienced, wealthy, and settled Egypt has an equal claim.

Now with regard to the Sudan. The Egyptian Imperialists demand her political and military incorporation in Egypt. But the backbone of Egypt is its fellahs. These peasantry know not the meaning of the word Imperialism, but their great concern is water. That they are justified, the evidence of the late Lord Cromer himself may be quoted. In "Modern Egypt," Vol. II., page 110, Lord Cromer says:—

"The effective control of the waters of the Nile from the Equatorial Lakes to the Sea is essential to the existence of Egypt."

Again, in "Egyptian Papers," No. I., 1904, page 81, Cromer is quoted as saying:—

"It is essential that, in all matters connected with the utilization of the Waters of the Nile on any large scale, the control exercised from Cairo should be absolute."

Thus the demand for water rights is justified.

The Sudan herself is just emerging from barbarism and the British are under obligations to continue their tutelage of the country. Egyptian rule has been a failure, and military service in the Sudan is hated by the peasants who form the rank and file of the military forces.

That there are grounds for apprehension is clear. The great irrigation works of the Gezira Plain are being carried out by a powerful British Company, and it proposes to draw freely on both the waters of the Blue and White Niles. After the abominable murder of Sir Lee Stack, Governor-General of the Sudan, one of the punishments imposed upon the innocent peasantry in Egypt was the extension of the irrigation in the Gezira Plain to an indefinite extent. This Plain can produce valuable cotton supplies. Even private companies have rights, just as Lancashire has interests. Surely the best way out of the difficulty would be the appointment of an independent Water Board for the equitable control of the whole of the upper waters of the Nile including that portion of the Blue Nile which flows through Abyssinia and which, if reports are true, will presently be utilized and developed by some other British Company.

Such an independent Water Board should have a neutral Chairman, possibly appointed by the League of Nations and with British, Sudanese, and Egyptian members. After all, the Suez Canal Board is international and there is nothing for us to be really afraid of. Such

a solution would safeguard the water supplies of Egypt proper and would go far to satisfy the Egyptian demand for suzerainty over the Sudan.

Once more there are two courses open to us. The first is again to rule by force, to revert to the régime of Cromer and to hope that we will find administrators as enlightened and successful. This will mean friction, expense, another danger-spot in the Empire if we are involved in troubles elsewhere in the future, and possibly international complications. The other course is to negotiate, compromise, and endeavour to arrive at a friendly arrangement with the Egyptian people and their leaders.

I believe the second to be the more desirable from every point of view.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THIS wretched Oxford-Lloyd George business is loosening black passions of hatred and distrust.

I find that most Liberals I meet—except the few who like fighting for fighting's sake—are heartily sick and ashamed of it all. I have already spoken my mind on the rights and wrongs of it. But if I thought Lord Oxford as right in publishing his letter as I think him wrong, I should still deplore Mr. Pringle's vicious speech. If the big men must quarrel, must the little ones rush in with their private handfuls of mud? The speech breathed the black spirit of hatred, the enemy of life. Mr. Pringle is a master of small points, but if the mischief is to be repaired we need big handling and generous emotions. I was sorry that Lord Grey thought it necessary to say what he did; a magnanimous silence would have best become him. One can understand the noble sentiment of loyalty even when it prompts an unfortunate utterance. But the yapping of Mr. Pringle is intolerable.

* * *

Thou shalt not give offence is the first and last rule in the profession of Royalty. All the more honour to the Prince of Wales for risking criticism by sending a subscription to the miners' fund, with some words of honest feeling. He will not be criticized by anybody that matters. It is remarkable how general and sincere is the sympathy with the miners, even here in London, where there is no contact to quicken it. By ostentatiously washing his hands of responsibility for the tragedy in the coalfields, Mr. Baldwin is fast wasting the goodwill he accumulated during the big strike. The growing disquiet was expressed in the North Hambersmith result—unquestionably a gesture of sympathy. Poor Mr. Gluckstein thought he had only to say ditto to Mr. Baldwin and victory was won, but the workers of London are sore at the miners' plight, and not even the call of a Gluckstein could make them forget it.

* * *

I sometimes think steps ought to be taken to form a Society for the Promotion of Inconsistency in Politics. It would really be a sort of protection society. Politicians alone are held by a false public opinion to a rigid pretence of always thinking the same thing and at all times. While the rest of humanity revels in a free play of opinion from hour to hour according to the working of emotion and the mutations of fact, the wretched statesman must wear his iron mask of consistency. I was moved to these simple remarks by reflecting on the fortunes of the politicians in the strike. All were hopelessly inconsistent, but some were more clever than others at concealing their human attributes and won the

reward of conventional praise. We were all excited, and the gyrations of opinion were more than usually violent, and we all enjoyed the licence of contradictory sympathies—except the luckless politicians. Labour leaders known to loathe the general strike had to swear by it instead of at it; Liberals had to find Liberalism in most unlikely places; even Tories boxed the compass of opinion behind the stiff façade of Whitehall. The point of this is a plea for charity. Why not admit the human frailty of political leaders? I venture to suggest merely from my knowledge of how human nature works that even the magnificent Olympian calm of the most revered of leaders was subject to the veerings of the weathercock of the mind, blown about by the changing wind of events.

* * *

"I am sure the world will not willingly and indefinitely tolerate the solution of questions, even local, or the exploitation of quarrels by the brutal arbitrament of war." No, the author of this and more in the same high vein is not Lord Cecil or Professor Murray. It is Lord Birkenhead, he who not long ago was holding up the "glittering prizes" of war before the youth of Scotland. Well, there is such a thing as a noble inconsistency. This may be Lord Birkenhead's manner of repenting of one of the most "brutal" utterances of recent years. There is a strange duality in his mind. There is the partisan delighting in brutality and cynicism; and there is the man of wide cosmopolitan mind and generous sympathies. To adapt a line of Shakespeare—"May his good angel fire his bad one out."

* * *

I see that the *NEW REPUBLIC* has rebuked many of the American papers for what it calls their "humiliating and disgraceful" reporting of the general strike. The charge is that of exaggerating every symptom of disorder and generally of painting a lurid picture of revolution. I saw something of the American correspondents over here during the strike, and I know that they were amazed at the moderation of everyone concerned. One told me that there is worse trouble in New York when the police close down an illicit drink-shop. I have only a partial knowledge of the results of their labours. I know that the big New York papers spent huge sums on their news service. The chief offenders seem to have been what the *NEW REPUBLIC* calls the "tabloid papers," which specialized in "news and faked pictures of riots." Even when the news in the important papers was sound there was too often perversion by headline. A friend of mine, a volunteer motor-driver, wrote an account of a journey across the country for an American paper on condition that it was not altered. In the course of it he spoke of seeing crowds of volunteers "besieging" a Town Hall. The article was not touched, but it was decorated with headlines about rioters besieging a Town Hall. It was my business to look up Mr. Lloyd George's notorious article in a Hearst Sunday paper. It was headed by a summary of the article which to all appearance was the work of Mr. Lloyd George. It contained sensational things which he, of course, never wrote, but some of his enemies over here assumed that he had written them. I am afraid the motive of the worst perversions was simply that the papers held that if their public wanted a revolution in Great Britain it was their job to supply it. This is not a very pretty chapter in journalism.

* * *

Lamb held that Shakespeare's mightiest plays are dwarfed in the theatre; he thought, if I remember right, that to drag old Lear on the stage is to travesty his greatness. Whatever one may think of this, it is certain

that it would have astonished Shakespeare, who thought first, last, and all the time of stage effectiveness. I am leading up to the suggestion of a compromise which would, I feel sure, appeal to Lamb if he was with us to-day. Listening to Shakespeare on the wireless is a happy mean. One is not distressed by the parody of a setting inevitably limiting to the imagination; nor is one harrowed by the unbearable poignancy which great acting lends to terrible scenes like the murder of Desdemona or the blinding of Gloucester. I cannot bear to see the last act of "Othello" myself. But I heard it on the wireless the other day with great pleasure. What one got, coming mysteriously out of the air, was just the pure spoken word, after all the essence of Shakespeare. Anyone with twopennyworth of imagination could supply the rest—the pictorial scene, the gesture. I think the B.B.C. has achieved a new aesthetic thrill by this impersonal interpretation of Shakespeare, in which the voice counts for everything, and all distractions are shut out. The poetry comes through, and that is all that matters. "Brave Aerial!"

* * *

When last autumn the Nationalists of Lahore once more defaced the offensive inscription on the John Lawrence statue I suggested, as pungently as I could, that the Government of the Punjab should take it off. The stupidity of confronting Indians with the question, "Will you be governed by the pen or the sword?" was obvious. Sir Malcolm Hailey has now—only now—substituted, under cover of night, a milder quotation: "I served you with the pen and with the sword." (Why drag in the pen?) The Governor missed a fine opportunity. He should have done it at high noon, with a flourish, and so got kudos for magnanimity and for an impressive affirmation of the anti-Dyer spirit. This recalls, by the way, another and more noteworthy alteration of an inscription, also under cover of night. While the Labour Government were in power London found one morning that the words "Patriotism is not enough" had been added to the inscription on the Cavell monument.

* * *

It has become the fashion to rely upon Mr. Baldwin for everything. We appeal to Baldwin as instinctively as the harassed Roman citizen in the hands of the provincial police appealed to Caesar. The pro-Waterloo Bridge party are following the fashion, and with some hope of success. For Mr. Baldwin as a lover of beauty and the historic past is known to be sympathetic to old Waterloo Bridge. Such is the confusion of interests and such the babel of the experts, that the intervention of the super-authority has become inevitable. What is wanted, of course, is a comprehensive scheme dealing with the Thames bridges as a whole. Failing this, the City authorities, with four millions to spend, will persist with their unwanted—and, to St. Paul's, possibly dangerous—new bridge; Waterloo Bridge will be scrapped to satisfy the ambitions of the L.C.C. engineers and the supposed needs of the all-conquering motor, while the traffic bridge at Charing Cross will remain the dream of all good Londoners. Happily, there is plenty of time. It would take seven years, they say, to complete the Waterloo Bridge scheme, and there is certainly no urgency about a bridge at St. Paul's, seeing that the new Southwark Bridge, a few hundred yards off, is one of the most solitary places in London—unequalled for quiet meditation. Of course, what it all comes to is a Treasury grant, for the L.C.C. would have to be bought off its pet project. Mr. Baldwin may be powerful, but can he get money out of Mr. Churchill's mouth?

Is there not a danger that Mr. Lloyd George will go the way of Matthew Arnold's Scholar Gipsy? He was a man

"Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain
Who, tired of knocking at Preferment's door,
One summer morn forsook
His friends . . .
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more."

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. LLOYD GEORGE

SIR.—In your inspiring and eloquent leading article I find it announced (1) that Lord Oxford has started the heresy-hunt and proposed to expel Mr. Lloyd George from the party; (2) that this is because Mr. Lloyd George has taken too conciliatory a line about the General Strike; and (3) that the whole incident is a deliberate destruction of the hardly won unity of the party.

I venture to think that all these assumptions are mistaken. (1) The first step in the conflict was Mr. Lloyd George's letter to the Chief Whip formally refusing to attend the Liberal Shadow Cabinet on the ground of his "regretful dissent" from their policy at a time of "grave national emergency." When I first read this letter I took it to be intended to leave two courses open to the writer. If—politically speaking—the General Strike did well, the letter would amount to a resignation and be extremely useful to him. If the Strike failed, it was merely a passing difference. Lord Oxford, however, prefers to treat it as a definite letter of resignation.

(2) Mr. Lloyd George in his long letter, and in the brilliant speech which he made at Llandudno, contrives to suggest that his offence is that he is too advanced in his Liberalism—he is a Radical being expelled by mere Whigs. This is surely nonsense.

If I run through—in as unprovocative a manner as possible—the main points on which I have found myself differing from "Ll. G.," and agreeing with Asquith and Grey, they are the following: In 1916, he acted secretly with Lord Beaverbrook to turn the Liberals out of the Government and to put extreme Tories and Jingoists in. He did much to corrupt public life and policy in the war, and was largely responsible for the wrecking of the Wilson policy and for some of the worst elements of the Treaty of Versailles. In the election of 1918 he used his special fund and party organization for the deliberate destruction of the Liberal Party, and his violence afterwards was too much for many of the Tories in his Cabinet. Notably the Black-and-Tan period, in which he authorized a sort of murder-campaign protected by the Government, in response to the murder-campaign of the Irish Republicans, alienated most of the more respectable Conservatives; and certainly every Radical in the country supported Asquith and Simon in their courageous and energetic campaign of protest. There has been no single occasion, as far as I remember, on which Asquith has differed from "Ll. G." because he was too Radical. Yet now he claims to be showing his true Radicalism on the constitutional issue of the General Strike, and Liberal sentiment, as you say, seems inclined to support him.

It supports him, first, as the victim of a heresy-hunt. But this, as I hope I have shown, is a mistake. It was he who first refused to meet his colleagues.

It supports him, secondly, because he was in favour of "conciliation," while his colleagues are supposed merely to have spoken and written affirming that it was the duty of all citizens to support constitutional government against "direct action," and, to make things worse, they actually sent messages to the BRITISH GAZETTE. Now, here there has been a great injustice done, unintentionally, to the Liberal leaders. Lord Oxford's speech in the Lords was, I think, the most important contribution made to the cause of peace and conciliation—for which I was myself working, with several Labour friends—during the whole controversy; but the papers printed only the part of it which condemned the Strike. Next, while no Liberal would like to be in any way associated with the BRITISH GAZETTE, now that we know

what it was like, it was a very different thing when there was no newspaper in existence, and the strikers had ordered that there should be no newspapers, and the Government was determined to start one in defiance of those orders. It was perfectly natural and right that Lord Oxford, and Lord Grey also, should consent to send such a message to such a paper if it were started. Lastly, Sir John Simon's powerful speech on the illegality of the General Strike was blazoned abroad, but his equally important notice of motion in favour of action for settling the Strike on conciliatory lines was not much noticed, and the motion itself was never moved because the Strike was called off. The general result is that the average newspaper reader knows only of the repressive side of the Liberal policy, not of the constructive and conciliatory side.

For my own part, I think the line between "unconditional" and "conditional" surrender so extremely fine that I should never quarrel about it; but Mr. Lloyd George thought it grave enough to justify a refusal to meet his colleagues. That seems to imply that he meant something pretty serious by his refusal to condemn the General Strike without, at the same time and "equally," condemning the Government. If he really meant to hold the scales scrupulously even between constitutional government and "direct action," it was a very serious matter indeed, and both he and Lord Oxford are justified in treating it so.

(3) But the immediate political difference is not the difference itself; it is only a symptom of the disease. This interchange of letters is not really a disruption of Liberal unity, it is a recognition of the deplorable fact that there has not been any real reunion. It is very doubtful whether, with the most angelic temperaments on both sides, there could have been. The Liberals had dire wrongs to forgive. "Ll. G.," in his time of power, had used every conceivable weapon to exterminate his old party and to drive the very spirit of Liberalism out of political life. Still, they might have forgiven him. In Asquith and Grey they had leaders extraordinarily and almost uncannily free from personal feeling, and they had strong motives for uniting the fragments of the party.

"L. G." also had a difficult task. It is difficult for an ex-Prime Minister to serve as a lieutenant in a Shadow Cabinet; more difficult still to serve as an equal or a subordinate among colleagues whom he had wronged, and whom he (however foolishly) despised. A very steady and generous-minded and unambitious man could have done it, but only by throwing his whole energy and resources into the common pool. "Ll. G.," unfortunately, did the opposite. He made union impossible by continuing a separate organization at 18, Abingdon Street, and a separate party fund which he used not for the agreed policy of the party, but for such ends as seemed good to him. A political party consists of a number of citizens with common policies, a common organization, and common funds. In this case you had separate funds, separate organizations, and policies sometimes agreeing and sometimes divergent. You may say that the "Ll. G." organization generally worked in harmony with the Liberal organization. On many points it did, but it differed often on policy and constantly on grounds of personnel. And it obeyed not the Liberal Party, but Mr. Lloyd George. For example, at one time "Ll. G." saw a good deal of Lord Birkenhead and some other Tories, and is said to have considered whether it was not practicable, by help of the "better brains" of Toryism, to throw out Mr. Baldwin. Had that plan prospered, 18, Abingdon Street would straight have gone Tory. Last week the Labour Party—with how much authorization we know not—considered the admission of Mr. Lloyd George into their ranks. Had that plan prospered, 18, Abingdon Street would have gone Labour. There is nothing in the least morally wrong in going Tory or in going Labour; but an organization which is ready at the word of command to do either is not a Liberal organization. It is a private organization, like that of an American boss, serving the purposes of one man, though temporarily acting in alliance with the Liberal Party. Unity would have been very difficult to achieve, but "Ll. G." was not the man to achieve it. He can lead, but he cannot serve. He can disintegrate, but he cannot unite. He had one foot in the Liberal Party, one poised in the air and tapping here and there for a foothold. Meantime, his supporters in Parliament were partly joining the

Tories and partly quarrelling among themselves, and the so-called Liberals were to be found in all three lobbies. There has been no unity, and the pretence of unity is better dispelled.

I am sorry to write in condemnation of "Ll. G." I have no personal grievance against him, and have never had from him anything but civil treatment. But I happen to have among the friends whom I respect most several who have been his colleagues, some of them Tories, many Liberals, at least two Labour; and one and all have said to me at different times, "Never again will I work with that man." There is something in him of which he is probably unconscious—some restless, swift, ambitious, self-trusting, self-seeking, treacherous spirit—which wrecks and disintegrates the parties to which he belongs. He may still do important public service, but I suspect he will do best alone with his fund, his great organization, and his salaried supporters, free to strike right or left from moment to moment, according to his own instinct, unhampered by colleagues.

"If Jean Jacques is right," said Diderot, "too many honest men must be knaves." Can anyone believe that "Ll. G." is right, and Asquith, Grey, Simon, Buckmaster, Gladstone, Cecil, Baldwin, and how many more of the best men in public life, self-seekers and calumniators?—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY.

Yatcombe, Boar's Hill, Oxford.

LORD OXFORD'S BLUNDER

SIR,—Your article on Lord Oxford's blunder is timely and perhaps too merciful. While this country is passing through a crisis in which probably no party can render better service to the State than the Liberals, the mandarins of the Liberal Headquarters are fully engaged in a public vendetta. Even Wu Pei Fu and Chang-tso-lin are, apparently, ready to sink their personal differences to save China. Whether it is the atmosphere of the House of Lords, or the inevitable result of detachment from the sentiment of the public of to-day, Lord Oxford has more nearly succeeded in grinding the Liberal Party out of existence than any of his opponents of the Parliament Act days could have hoped or prayed for.

It is unfair to blame the Pringles or Tadpoles, who are always more indiscreet than their leaders.

If the party is to be saved, a fresh lead and a new leader must be installed at once.—Yours, &c.,

C. WALEY COHEN.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.1.
May 31st, 1926.

SIR,—Some of us read your announcements on the Oxford-Lloyd George correspondence of last week with a sense that it put us "right where we belonged." Lord Oxford's letter is to "alienate all that is genuine in Liberalism from him." Following this verdict, and warmly agreeing that THE NATION lives in looking-glass land, we respectfully beg leave to put forward the evidence.

Those of us whom you condemn as imitation Liberals (we assume that the opposite to "genuine" is imitation) were brought up to esteem self-government as the heart of Liberalism. It meant freedom. Its extension in all directions was Liberal work. In matters National, International, Imperial, and Industrial it was the remedy to which we turned for almost every evil. We were taught to revere those who died to win it. We were taught that were it lost men who were worth so calling would die to regain it. We believed it. We believe it still. Now, when the General Strike was called it seemed clear to us—the un-genuine Liberals—that this priceless gift was not merely threatened, but attacked. That a group of people—many of whom had for years sneered at this gift of self-government—had decided that henceforward it must be held only under constant menace of their tremendous industrial power to impoverish and make miserable the workers of Britain. They chose to coerce the Government. We admit that we read with horror at that time all speeches by leaders who weighed in the balance the errors in judgment of a Tory

Government against the direct crime of the General Strike. To-day no Liberal paper and no Liberal speaker professes that the Government could have ended the coal dispute on any terms except the indefinite continuance of the subsidy. Mr. Cook makes it clear that at no moment would the miners consider any sort of move on either wages, hours, or national agreement. In view of this the Tory errors (which we noted) are not of relative importance. We think that a Liberal leader who trimmed and shuffled, who tried to keep in with as many sections of the people as possible, was betraying Liberalism. We read your quotation from Macaulay with our withers unruled. He details a glorious story of Liberals always guarding liberty and extending freedom. It is our whole point that in a time of desperate crisis Mr. Lloyd George failed to do this. The very fact that millions of strikers knew little or nothing of the meaning of their action was the more reason why Liberal leaders should make it plain at any cost. Strikers reading Mr. Lloyd George's House of Commons speech triumphantly showed it to working-class friends of mine as a vindication of their action. No doubt clever intellectuals could have proved to them that its clauses amounted to a condemnation of it; but Mr. Lloyd George knows how to speak, so that it needs no interpreter to explain which side in a dispute has Liberal sympathy. In the case of a general strike, was it doubtful? He spoke in that day so that all sections could find their little bits of comfort. It was the *élan de manœuvre* that almost makes politics intolerable to—ungenuine Liberals. We have passed through a short stern crisis, and some of us have been reminded again of the description of "brittle intellectuals"

"who crack beneath a strain."

We would wish you God speed in your worthy task of keen and ingenious analysis of all the complexities of modern life. But we think you a little blind to big principles sometimes.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD F. WALKER.

Fir Cottage, Mirfield, Yorkshire.

SIR,—I read your leader last week on Mr. Lloyd George with bewilderment. I went home and indulged in some reflection. I reread a few chapters from the "Economic Consequences of the Peace"; I thought of Black-and-Tan-ney and the reduction of the majesty of English Law to the level of a Balkan vendetta; I thought of the shambles of Smyrna and of the Greek betrayal.

I surveyed in memory the dreadful years 1918 to 1922, when, every six months, England exhibited her hinder parts to the universe, with Mr. Lloyd George as chief showman.

I thought of the assassination of Liberalism in 1918 and of the Coupon Election, with its daily appeals to the greed and fears of the mob. I thought of the Lloyd George political fund and the periodic revelations we are vouchsafed as to its means of acquisition, and from whom it was acquired. And I rejoiced that, sorely belated though his action be, Lord Oxford is at last leading Liberalism back to decency, and consigning Cleon to his own place.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES CURRIE.

Upham House, Aldbourne, Wilts.

June 1st, 1926.

THE LIBERAL "TRADITION"

SIR,—From 1868 to 1910 I worked as a rank-and-file Liberal in more than a dozen Parliamentary Elections, and rejoiced in victory in most of them. In all these contests I know that the vast majority of Liberal voters believed that Liberalism stood for peace, and that the disillusionment which so often followed was continually sapping enthusiasm. I therefore believe that Macaulay's admirable statement of Liberal tradition which you emphasize in your issue to-day is an illuminating touchstone of the fortunes of the party during the last century.

"It was the party which opposed the war with America and the war with the French Republic." How one wishes that that "tradition" had always been a "practice"!

During the Napoleonic War the Whigs, as a Peace Party led by Fox, seemed to be as completely wiped out as the "Wee Frees" in 1818, but they soon came back, and in 1832 accomplished the great revolution of the Reform Act and all that followed. Then came Palmerston's warlike Imperialism, culminating in the "ill-starred" Crimean War, but soon afterwards the Radicals, led by John Bright, who had opposed it, were the dominating element in the fruitful elections of 1868 and 1880. But then came, alas! the bombardment of Alexandria, causing John Bright's resignation, and later the "Liberal Imperialism" of Rosebery, Asquith, and Grey, and the Transvaal imbroglio, produced great unrest among the rank and file. They, however, asserted themselves again in 1906, rallying in support of C. B. and Lloyd George, both of whom had opposed the Boer War. But C. B. died, and when the test of the Great War came Lloyd George, after some hesitation, went into it "bald-headed," posed as "the man who won it," and, worse still, was less in favour of a Peace by Negotiation than Asquith, talked of a "knock-out blow," and made himself responsible for all the follies and injustices of the Treaty of Versailles.

I believe it was chiefly this which caused the wholesale desertion of rank-and-file voters from the Liberal camp, where they had no leader left, to that of MacDonald, whose war record was like that of Fox a hundred years earlier.

We may be glad if Lloyd George is now reverting to the earlier and better Liberal tradition, but North Hammersmith shows that lost adherents are not easily won back.—Yours, &c.,

W. S. ROWNTREE.

Scarborough, May 29th.

MR. BALDWIN

SIR,—I am interested in the suggestion made by Miss Dorothy Johnson that "when the Prime Minister is mentioned we ought to stand in silence." (I suppose the usual two minutes.) But I am puzzled as to how we can carry this out in the House of Commons. If every time the Prime Minister were mentioned the House stood up in silence it would considerably delay business.

I fear, however, that your correspondent is in a minority in regarding Mr. Baldwin as the "white light" which "suddenly pierced the fog." Many people, I know, speak of him as "the man with the harmonium," who is pushed to the front as a screen for the Tory Diehards.

I think Mr. A. A. Milne hit him off to perfection.—Yours, &c.,

AN M.P.

DIARY OF AN EASTWARD JOURNEY

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY.

VII.*

AGRA.—I am always a little uncomfortable when I find myself unable to admire something which all the rest of the world admires—or at least is reputed to admire. Am I, or is the world, the fool? Is it the world's taste that is bad, or is mine? I am reluctant to condemn myself, and almost equally reluctant to believe that I alone am right. Thus, when all men (and not the professors of English literature only, but Milton too, but Wordsworth and Keats) assure me that Spenser is a great poet, I wonder what to do. For to me Spenser seems only a virtuoso, a man with the conjuror's trick of extracting perfectly rhymed stanzas, by the hundred, out of an empty mind. Perhaps I am unduly prejudiced in favour of sense; but it has always seemed to me that poets should have something to say. Spenser's is the art of saying nothing, at length, in rhyme and rumbling metre. The world admires; but I cannot. I wish I could.

Here at Agra I find myself afflicted by the same sense of discomfort. The Taj Mahal is one of the seven

VIENNA INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL

SIR,—The Vienna International Summer School will hold its fifth session from September 6th to 25th, 1926. The object of the School is to convey a knowledge of international achievements and to foster a common understanding of European problems. The subjects of the lectures include History, Philosophy, Literature, Art and Music, Politics, Sociology, Economics and Law. The lectures will be delivered by eminent men from all the European countries in English, French, and German, and there will be conducted tours, excursions, and social events.

From July 1st to September 30th, Vacation Courses in the German language will be given by approved teachers. The syllabus is arranged to meet the needs both of beginners and of advanced students. A university examination may be taken at the end of each course. The School is open to all, and a hearty welcome in Vienna is assured to every member.

Travel arrangements are in the hands of the Travel Secretary, National Union of Students (3, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1); the journey takes thirty-six hours, and return second-class fare can be arranged at the price of £8 5s. Full board and lodging can be obtained at rates ranging from 32s. weekly. Further information may be had from the Hon. Secretary, Dr. Georg Tugendhat, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, London, W.C.2.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. BEVERIDGE, Chairman of the British Advisory Committee.	G. P. GOOCH. ERNEST BARKER. W. H. HADOW.
MAURICE DE BUNSEN, Hon. Treasurer.	B. M. HEADICAR. W. LOCK.
J. R. M. BUTLER.	J. D. MACKIE.
E. DE SELINCOURT.	GILBERT MURRAY.
G. FRANCKENSTEIN.	

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO

SIR,—In your issue of May 22nd your Parliamentary Correspondent referred to "the gross strategical errors made by Wellington at Waterloo." I was in hopes that some able controversialist would take this up, but, failing him, might I ask your correspondent to describe what these errors (as distinct from risks, I presume) were? It is always interesting to hear politicians on military matters, though not, of course, so stimulating as to hear soldiers on politicians.—Yours, &c.,

X (Major R.F.A.).

wonders. My guide-book—always bold in asserting what everybody will agree to—assures me that it is "perhaps the most beautiful building in the world." Following its advice, we drove out to have our first look at the marvel by the light of the setting sun. Nature did its best for the Taj. The west was duly red and orange and yellow, and, finally, emerald green grading into pale and flawless blue towards the zenith. Two evening stars, Venus and Mercury, pursued the sunken sun. The sacred Jumna was like a sheet of silver between its banks. Beyond it the plains stretched greyly away into the vapours of distance. The gardens were rich with turf, with cypresses, palms, and peepul trees, with long shadows and rosy lights, with the noise of grasshoppers, the calling of enormous owls, the indefatigable hammering of a coppersmith bird. Nature, I repeat, did its best. But though it adorned, it could

* Nos. I-VI. appeared in THE NATION of March 6th, 13th, and 20th, April 3rd and 24th, and May 22nd.

not improve the works of man. The Taj, even at sunset, even reverberated upside down from tanks and river, even in conjunction with melancholy cypresses—the Taj was a disappointment.

My failure to appreciate the Taj is due, I think, to the fact that, while I am very fond of architecture and the decorative arts, I am very little interested in the expensive or the picturesque, as such and by themselves. Now the great qualities of the Taj are precisely those of expensiveness and picturesqueness. Milk-white amongst its dark cypresses, flawlessly mirrored, it is positively the *Toteninsel* of Arnold Boecklin come true. And its costliness is fabulous. Its marbles are carved and filigreed, are patterned with an inlay of precious stones. The smallest rose or poppy on the royal tombs is an affair of twenty or thirty cornelians, onyxes, agates, chrysolites. The New Jerusalem was not more rich in variety of precious pebbles. If the Viceroy took it into his head to build another Taj identical with the first, he would have to spend as much as a fifteenth, or even perhaps a twelfth or tenth of what he spends each year on the Indian Army. Imagination staggers. . . .

This inordinate costliness is what most people seem to like about the Taj. And if they are disappointed with it (I have met several who were, and always for the same reason), it is because the building is not quite so expensive as they thought it was. Clambering among the roofs, they have found evidence to show that the marble is only a veneer over cheaper masonry, not solid. It is a swindle! Meanwhile, the guides and guardians are earning their money by insisting on the Taj's costliness. "All marble," they say, "all precious stones." They want you to touch as well as look, to realize the richness not with eyes alone, but intimately, with the fingers. I have seen guides in Europe doing the same. Expensiveness is everywhere admired. The average tourist is moved to greater raptures by St. Peter's than by his own St. Paul's. The interior of the Roman basilica is all of marble. St. Paul's is only Portland stone. The relative architectural merits of the two churches are not for a moment considered.

Architecturally, the worst features of the Taj are its minarets. These four, thin, tapering towers standing at the four corners of the platform on which the Taj is built are among the ugliest structures ever erected by human hands. True, the architect might offer a number of excuses for his minarets. He would begin by pointing out that, the dimensions of the main building and the platform being what they are, it was impossible to give the four subsidiary structures more than a certain limited mass between them, a mass small in proportion to the Taj itself. Architecturally, no doubt, it would have been best to put this definitely limited mass into four low buildings of comparatively large plan. But unfortunately, the exigencies of religion made it necessary to put the available mass into minarets. This mass being small, it was necessary that the minarets should be very thin for their height.

These excuses, so far as they go, are perfectly valid. By the laws of religion there had to be minarets, and by the laws of proportion the minarets had to be unconscionably slender. But there was no need to make them feebly taper, there was no need to pick out the component blocks of which they are built with edgings of black, and, above all, there was no need to surround the shaft of the minarets with thick, clumsy balconies placed, moreover, at just the wrong intervals of distance from one another and from the ground.

The Taj itself is marred by none of the faults which characterize the minarets. But its elegance is at the best of a very dry and negative kind. Its "classicism"

is the product, not of intellectual restraint imposed on an exuberant fancy, but of an actual deficiency of fancy, a poverty of imagination. One is struck at once by the lack of variety in the architectural forms of which it is composed. There are, for all practical purposes, only two contrasting formal elements in the whole design—the onion dome, reproduced in two dimensions in the pointed arches of the recessed bays, and the flat wall surface with its sharply rectangular limits. When the Taj is compared with more or less contemporary European buildings in the neo-classic style of the High Renaissance and Baroque periods, this poverty in the formal elements composing it becomes very apparent. Consider, for example, St. Paul's. The number of component forms in its design is very large. We have the hemispherical dome, the great colonnaded cylinder of the drum, the flat side walls relieved by square-faced pilasters and rounded niches; we have, at one end, the curved surfaces of the apse and, at the other, the West Front with its porch—a design of detached cylinders, the pillars, seen against a flat wall and supporting yet another formal element, the triangular pediment. If it is argued that St. Paul's is a very much larger building than the Taj, and that we should therefore expect the number of contrasting elements in its design to be greater, we may take a smaller specimen of late Renaissance architecture as our standard of comparison. I suggest Palladio's Rotonda at Vicenza, a building somewhat smaller than the Taj, and, like it, of regular design and domed. Analyzing the Rotonda we shall find that it consists of a far larger number of formal elements than does the Taj, and that its elegance, in consequence, is much richer, much more subtle and various than the poor, dry, negative elegance characteristic of the Indian building.

But it is not necessary to go as far as Europe to find specimens of a more varied and imaginative elegance than that of the Taj. The Hindu architects produced buildings incomparably more rich and interesting as works of art than the Taj. I have not visited Southern India where, it is said, the finest specimens of Hindu architecture are to be found. But I have seen enough of the art in Rajputana to convince me of its enormous superiority to any work of the Mohammedans. The temples at Chitor, for example, are specimens of true classicism. They are the products of a prodigious, an almost excessive, fancy, held in check and directed by the most judicious intelligence. Their elegance—and in their way they are just as elegant as the Taj—is an opulent and subtle elegance, full of unexpected felicities. The formal elements of their design are numerous and pleasingly contrasted, and the detail—mouldings and ornamental sculpture—is always, however copious, subordinated to the architectural scheme and of the highest decorative quality.

In this last respect Hindu ornament is decidedly superior to that employed by the later Moguls. The *pietra dura* work at the Taj and the Shahdara tombs at Lahore is marvellously neat in execution and of extravagant costliness. These qualities are admirable enough in their way; but they have nothing to do with the decorative value of the work considered as art. Decoratively, as works of art, the *pietra dura* decorations of the Taj are poor and uninteresting. Arabesques of far finer design are to be seen in the carved and painted ornamentation of Rajput palaces and temples. As for the *bas reliefs* of flowers which adorn the gateway of the Taj—these are frankly bad. The design of them vacillates uncertainly between realism and conventionalism. They are neither lifelike portraits of flowers nor good pieces of free floral decoration. How anyone

who has ever seen a fine specimen of decorative flower-painting or flower-carving, whether Hindu or European, can possibly admire these feebly laborious reliefs passes my understanding. Indeed, it seems to me that anyone who professes an ardent admiration for the Taj must look at it without having any standards of excellence in his mind—as though the thing existed uniquely, in a vacuum. But the Taj exists in a world well sprinkled with masterpieces of architecture and decoration. Compare it with these, and the imperial mausoleum at once takes its proper place in the hierarchy of art—well down below the best. But it is made of marble. Marble, I perceive, covers a multitude of sins.

FATEHPUR SIKRI.—Akbar built the city as a small personal tribute to himself. The vanity of Indian potentates had a way of running to brand new cities. Witness Jai Singh's Jaipur, five miles from the existing and perfectly satisfactory town of Amber; Jodha's Jodhpur, an hour's walk from Mandor; the Udaipur of Udai Singh, next door to Arh. An expensive form of royal vanity; but one for which the modern tourist should be grateful. There is nothing more picturesque than a deserted city, nothing more mournfully romantic. These deserted cities of northern India are particularly romantic because, being relatively modern, they are all in an excellent state of preservation. For a building that is intact, but deserted, is much more romantic, more picturesquely melancholy than a deserted ruin. One expects a ruin to be deserted; nobody, it is obvious, could possibly live in Pompeii, or among the roofless remains of an English abbey. But in a building that is intact, one expects to find inhabitants. When such a building is deserted, we are mournfully surprised, and the contrast between its emptiness and intactness strikes us as being strange and suggestive.

Fatehpur is less than four hundred years old, and, so far as the principal buildings are concerned, it is in a state of perfect preservation. The red sandstone which Akbar used in the building of his city is a hard, weather-resisting rock. The sculpture, the mouldings are still clean-edged and sharp. There has been no blurring of outlines, no crumbling, no leprous decay. Akbar's red city stands to-day in the condition in which he left it—and stands empty, untenanted even by the monkeys which inhabit so many of India's deserted palaces and temples.

To those whom the dry and sterile elegance of Shah Jahan's Agra has left unsatisfied, the architecture of Fatehpur Sikri will seem refreshing. For the greatest of the alien Mohammedan emperors was a patron of the indigenous Hindu art of India, and the architecture of his capital is marked by something of the genuine Hindu vigour and wealth of imagination. The *liwan* or covered portion of the mosque is particularly fine. It is divided up into three square chambers, in line and communicating; and the characteristically Hindu ceilings of these chambers are supported by a number of very tall Hindu columns. The building is superb in proportion and detail, and is certainly one of the finest pieces of interior architecture on a large scale to be seen in upper India. And yet, such is the prestige of expensive material that poor, uninteresting buildings, wholly lacking in grandeur or originality, like the Pearl Mosque at Agra, the pavilions by the lake at Ajmer, are much more widely celebrated. They are of marble; Fatehpur is only of sandstone.

It was late in the afternoon when we left the deserted city. The walls and domes glowed more rosily than ever in the light of the almost level sun. It had become a city of coral. There was a screaming in the air above us. Looking up, we saw a flock of parrots

flying across the pale sky. The shadow of the enormous Gate of Victory was upon them; but a moment later they emerged from it into the bright transfiguring sunlight. Over the courts of that deserted city of coral and ruddy gold a flight of emerald birds passed glittering and was gone.

JAIPUR.—Jaipur did not casually grow; it was made. Its streets are broad and straight, and intersect one another at right angles, like the streets of Turin or of some American city. The houses are all bright pink, and look like those charming and curiously improbable pieces of architecture in the backgrounds of Italian primitives. It is an orthodox and pious town. The pavements are thronged with ruminating bulls and Brahmins and fakirs; the shops do a thriving trade in phallic symbols, of which the manufacture, in gilt and painted marble, seems to be one of the staple industries of the place. In the streets men ride, on horses, on enormous camels; or are driven in ancient victorias, in still more extraordinary four-wheelers that look like sections cut out of third-class railway coaches, or, most often, in little carts with domed canopies and (if the occupants happen to be ladies) concealing curtains, drawn by smart pairs of trotting bullocks, whose horns are painted green. Only the women of the people are visible in the streets. They move with the princely grace of those who, with pots and baskets on their heads, have passed their lives in practising the deportment of queens. Their full skirts swing as they walk, and at every step the heavy brass bangles at their feet make a loud and, oh!—for this is India—a mournfully symbolic clanking as of fetters.

THE DRAMA

TWO Highbrows and an Old Friend

Everyman Theatre: "The Man with the Flower in His Mouth." By Luigi Pirandello. "Punch and Go." By John Galsworthy. "The Bear." By Anton Chekhov.

WHAT a jolly thing is a triple bill; three interludes with two intervals of a quarter of an hour, and the whole thing over by 10.30. Then the knowledge that, however bored one may be at the moment, it will all be over in a few minutes and we shall start again fresh. This is just what is wanted for the hot weather, and managers would be well advised to follow the example of the Everyman. The whole thing is reversed. It is no longer a question of a cigarette between the acts, but of an act between the cigarettes.

Pirandello's little study in the macabre, a conversation between a doomed man and a stranger at a station café, is a very finished piece of work, suffering rather perhaps from a fault frequent in de Maupassant—the fault of the surprise ending. The effect is better when you do not know the dread secret of the mysterious converser than when you do. Still, it is very subtle and intelligent. Mr. Milton, who has to keep talking almost the whole time (the play is in fact a half-hour's monologue), has greatly embroidered his interpretation of the part since he used to act it on semi-public occasions, and he makes his creation far more interesting than he did. But I still think he pitches the key too low. A man, under the sentence of death from a fatal disease, picks up a stranger at a café and talks to him desperately for half an hour, not because he takes any interest in him, but merely to fill up the time, and also to attach himself to something or somebody outside his own life. We learn that he passes hours looking at shopmen doing up parcels, and even speculating on the emotions of chairs in doctors' consulting rooms. He is, in fact, a desperate man. Mr. Milton begins on a note of whining

disillusion, and hence has to introduce any variations in speed and emotion inside a very narrow compass. I should like to see the part played more apologetically, more hurriedly, more violently, in hysterical bursts of confidence, and frantic silences. I believe it would be more exciting like this, more "theatrical," in the good sense of the word. Mr. Milton was excellent in his logic and consistency. But I confess I should like to see the part tried out on a different plan. Meanwhile, everyone should put himself in a position to judge by going to see the play. Some people will remember that Mr. Milton was a much more interesting Henry IV. than Signor Ruggeri.

"The Bear" is a delightful little one-act farce by Chekhov, and serves to remind us what a jolly good-natured fellow Chekhov was, despite the grey gloom of some of his full-length plays. "The Bear," which has not been acted in England before, is the "Taming of the Shrew" retold, with variations. A "tough" of a country gentleman calls on a widow, who would he thought be heartbroken, to demand immediate repayment of a debt of 1,200 roubles, contracted by the late husband of the widow. A hideous scene takes place, pistols are produced, and the curtain falls with the antagonists in each other's arms. This little farce is a perfect *divertissement* in which the absurdity never palls for an instant. Miss Nancy Price acted magnificently as the false widow, and she was ably supported by Mr. Edmund Willard. It is silly to waste time talking about "The Bear." Anybody can understand it.

And then—jammed in between Pirandello and Chekhov, like Garrick in the picture—our one and only Mr. Galsworthy, as highminded and beneficent as ever, with a little play showing the disadvantages under which highbrow writers labour, when confronted with the theatre as it is run to-day. As usual with Mr. Galsworthy, we are entirely in agreement with his thesis until he has had time to develop it, after which we find to our surprise that our sympathies have veered round for the first and last time to the objects of Mr. Galsworthy's attacks. He must be far the most valuable manufacturer of die-hards in the country. A course of Mr. Churchill's speeches is almost the only remedy. Mr. Galsworthy is an excellent photographer, and the opening passages, a badly conducted rehearsal, were as amusing and true as possible. But Lud! the highbrow play! We agree with the gross "boss" who refused to lose money over it. Besides, why make him an American? If we are going to be truthful, let us be truthful, and, as far as one can judge, American theatre owners are the most reckless and go-ahead in the world. But this captious piece of criticism only shows once more how one always wants to contradict Mr. Galsworthy.

But let us end on a genial note, for why be a bear, a disgruntled maniac, or even an ill-tempered boss? The Everyman provides the best entertainment I have seen for some time, and deserves to be largely patronized.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

HOW romantic are you about the South Seas? Polynesia is for the twentieth century what the Chinese Empire was for the eighteenth century—an opportunity for the release of the romantic emotions; it is the happy hunting-ground of the modern Rousseau or Voltaire. "Aloma" at the Adelphi is the last play to deal with this cloud-cuckoo archipelago. Several Europeans in various stages of chronic alcoholism alone interfere with the natural simplicity of savage life. Boiling sunshine, ferocious thunderstorms, and a general impression of agreeably naked brownness keep everyone in a pleasant state of titillation, while a Potiphar's wife scene reduced the female portions of the audience to a

prolonged state of suppressed giggle. It is only a pity that the fair Princesses of Tahiti are made to giggle just as much. If this is true to life, my Polynesian holiday will be a disappointment to me. The storm was a real fizzer, far the best I have ever seen on the stage. As the drink-sodden, lust-maddened protagonists swayed to and fro amid the crash of the elements, the emotions of the audience became well-nigh unbearable. Someone had done his work with a stroke of real genius.

* * *

Mr. C. K. Munro's play, performed last Sunday and Monday by the Stage Society at the Shaftesbury Theatre, is called "The Mountain," because one of the protagonists can only be moved by faith. This protagonist is nothing less than the Body Politic, though what particular kind of faith is to move it, and where it is to move to, are left undetermined. In any case, nothing will happen for many generations, when all men will have become angels. The play begins with a scene reminiscent of the worst horrors of Herzen's memoirs, and goes on, sometimes rather grimly, sometimes highly comically, through a revolution and a return to the old régime. For until men are angels, tyranny of some sort, even if you call it a free elective government, is necessary to preserve order, and to prevent life being nasty, brutish, and short. The play was very well acted by an all-man cast, especially by Messrs. Rupert Harvey, Harcourt Williams, George Merritt, Bromley Davenport, and Harold Scott. Mr. Paul Cavanagh did well as the hero, but the part is almost unactable. To begin as a third-rate Stavrogin, continue as a Mussolini, and then renounce all for a vague ideal, is very difficult to manage, even if you are always completely under the thumb of the last person you speak to. The play, however, is full of good scenes and admirable remarks Machiavelli need not have been ashamed of, and great comic heights are reached in the "revolutionary leader of twenty-five years' standing" who wants to make the comet an asset for the People. This person is also an excellent asset for the ruler; he keeps the People amused as the Church used to do. It is impossible to criticize the play as a work of art in so short a space: it is Aristotle's animal a hundred miles long. It is good, clean work, not over-intellectualized, which the stage will not stand; but there are too many things and attitudes involved. Mr. Munro has not quite succeeded in fusing the idea play with the hero play, and he ends with a sermon on the theme. At the same time, it makes one regard him as the hope of the stage, for he is not afraid to handle big issues. Mr. Robert Atkins's production was admirable.

* * *

On June 15th, Miss Sybil Thorndike begins a short season at the Ambassadors with Miss Clemence Dane's "Granite." Among other forthcoming productions will be, at the Savoy, Mr. H. F. Maltby's "What Might Happen," in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell is to act, and Mr. St. John Ervine's new comedy, "Antony, Edward, and Jane."

* * *

With Sunday's performance, the Film Society brought its first season to a close. The programme was uneven in quality, all the interest and entertainment being packed into the first half, while the second contained only unrelieved boredom. "The Street Juggler," a Japanese film lasting about an hour, was the cause. A note on the programme tells us that Japanese productions are usually based on folklore and acted in the traditional manner of the Japanese classical theatre. These, apparently, are kept in the country, and so no

opportunity is given Europeans of enjoying the wonder-effects such stylistic acting must produce on the screen, and something as closely related as possible to the average banal American film is concocted for exportation. Such, at any rate, is "The Street Juggler," the first Japanese film to reach England. With this exception the films shown were well chosen. We had another of the beautiful "Secrets of Nature" series, a microscopic picture of amoeboid movement, an amusing German "advertisement epitome of the film trade," a Chaplin revival, "Easy Street," showing Charlie in one of his most radiant moods, and a cleverly produced new film, "Menilmontant," arranged and directed by the Russian producer, Kirsanov. Nadia Sibirskia's acting in the leading rôle in this film is of a quality that is rarely seen on the stage and practically never on the screen.

* * *

A large exhibition of the paintings and drawings of Mr. Augustus John opened last Saturday at the New Chenil Galleries. One of the smaller rooms, also, is devoted to the work of his sister, Miss Gwen John. Mr. John shows a variety of landscapes, flower pictures, portraits and figure studies. It is in some of the small landscapes and one or two of the flower pictures that he shows himself most genuinely an artist. Here he has painted because he wanted to paint, spontaneously and freshly and with sincerity, whereas in the large portraits—Princess Bibesco, Miss Eve Balfour, and "The Lady with a Violin"—he assumes at once a professional, artificial, strained manner: the *brio* becomes forced, the brilliance superficial, the artist's personality too consciously cultivated. Some of Miss Gwen John's pictures show a remarkable talent for drawing. Most of those shown here are pale, rather sentimental portraits of women and little studies of figures, which contrast very strongly with her brother's work, in their frankly old-fashioned refinement.

* * *

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, June 5.—Promenade Concert, Chamber Orchestra, at Chenil Galleries.
Handel Festival at Crystal Palace.
Monday, June 7.—"For None Can Tell," at Q Theatre.
Wednesday, June 9.—Professor Radhakrishnan on "The Philosophic Basis of Hinduism," at British Institute of Philosophical Studies.
"Easy Virtue," at the Duke of York's.
Thursday, June 10.—British Music Society Congress.
Mr. Eustace Miles on "The Fruit Craze," at 6.15, at 40, Chandos Street.
Friday, June 11.—Captain Featherstone on "Exploration in the Karakoram Mountains," at 4.30, at Royal Society of Arts.

OMICRON.

THE SPIRIT OF THE HOUSE

Like a little wind at fall of eve
She went from one to another room
Of the empty house, as loth to leave;
And a voice in her ear like a curlew's pipe
Went crying after: "Time is ripe!"
She whispered: "Ripe for whom?"

And now to itself the voice shrills on:
"She went at last from the waiting door;
The way all humans go, she's gone;
From shutter and cowl I flap and fly,
And the drooping trees make faint reply,
'Why went she not before?'"

MARY STELLA EDWARDS.

OPERA.

LYRIC, Hammersmith. EVENINGS, at 8.15. (For 2 Weeks only.)

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

FREDERICK RANALOW and SYLVIA NELIS.

MATINEES, WED & SAT., at 2.30. (Riverside 3012.)

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH, Gerr. 3929. EVENINGS, at 8.15
MATINEES, WED. & FRI., at 2.30.

A CUCKOO IN THE NEST.

TOM WALLS. YVONNE ARNAUD. RALPH LYNN.

COURT, Sloane Square. Sloane 5137 (2 lines.)
NIGHTLY, at 8.15 MATINEES, WED., THURS. & SAT., at 2.15.

THE FARMER'S WIFE
3RD YEAR AND LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.

CRITERION, EVENINGS, 8.40. MATS., TUES., SAT., 2.30
MARIE TEMPEST in
THE CAT'S-CRADLE.

DRURY LANE, EVENINGS, 8.15. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30
ROSE MARIE. A Musical Play.
NELSON KEYS. EDITH DAY. DEREK OLDHAM.

FORTUNE, Ger. 3855. EVGS., at 8.15. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30
THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS.
By SEAN O'CASEY.

HIPPODROME, London Ger. 650
EVENINGS, at 8.15. MATS., WED., THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.
MERCENARY MARY.
ALL SEATS BOOKABLE. BOX OFFICE 10 TO 10

KINGSWAY, (Ger. 4032.) EVENINGS, at 8.15. (Last Weeks.)
THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY
OF ST. BERNARD
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.15.

LITTLE, (Reg. 2401.) EVENINGS, at 8.30.
AUTUMN FIRE.
With GODFREY TEARLE. MATS., WED., FRI., 2.30.

LONDON PAVILION, (Ger. 0704.) NIGHTLY, at 8.15.
CHARLES B. COCHRAN'S REVUE (1926).
MATINEES, TUESDAY & SATURDAY, at 2.30.

CINEMAS.

NEW GALLERY KINEMA, Regent Street. Second week of OSCAR WILDE'S Masterpiece of Satire, "LADY WINDEMERE'S FAN" daily, at 3.30, 6.30 & 9.30.

POLYTECHNIC, Regent Street. (Mayfair 2330.)
THE COURT TREAT EXPEDITION FILM.
CAPE TO CAIRO.
DAILY, at 2.30, 6 & 8.30.

TIVOLI, Ger. 5222.
THE BIG PARADE
TWICE DAILY, 2.30 & 8.30. SUNDAY, 6 & 8.30.

ART EXHIBITION.

THE LONDON GROUP, 24th EXHIBITION OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, 5A, PALL MALL EAST. June 5 to 25. 10 to 6.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

FROM TALLEYRAND TO MR. HARRIMAN

M. PALEOLOGUE, the distinguished French diplomatist, began by writing his own diplomatic memoirs. He has followed them with a book, "The Romantic Diplomat" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), in which he has written sketches of the lives of three famous diplomatists, Talleyrand, Metternich, and Chateaubriand. The book is short, easy to read, amusing; it also causes a good many thoughts to rise in the mind of anyone interested in the subject. M. Paléologue is better as a biographer than a historian. In fact, his history is both sketchy and shaky. He gives a very good picture in outline of the characters of his heroes, but the accuracy of his account of historical events can never be trusted. He seems to have rather a hazy idea of what exactly happened in that incredibly tangled web of diplomacy which the fates began to spin at Erfurt in 1808 and were still spinning at Verona in 1822. And it is by no means clear why he uses the adjective romantic of the first two heroes, who did so much to help the fates spin their web, for though Chateaubriand may have been a romantic in everything, Talleyrand and Metternich were romantics in nothing but their love affairs—and even there it is difficult to believe that there can, in fact, have been much romance in a love affair with the Princess Lieven. Sometimes M. Paléologue seems really to mean that the cold and cynical Talleyrand, the "diabolical boiteux" of the "tapis vert," the most classical of all diplomatists, and Metternich, who, with all his differences, belonged to the same age and the same school, had romance as the springs of their characters or actions. The idea is absurd. At other times he appears to mean only that Talleyrand and Metternich were the models from which such romantic writers as Balzac, George Sand, Stendhal, and Eugène Sue drew the portraits of their imaginary diplomats. That, of course, is probably true.

* * *

As a character, Talleyrand is much the most interesting of M. Paléologue's three heroes. Chateaubriand is the typical literary gentleman who wants to be a man of action and who makes a fool of himself. His bombastic futilities may be romantic, but they are wearisome. Metternich was a very different kind of person, but he is one of the great historical characters in whom I can never see much interest. He was not a romantic diplomatist, but the very essence of diplomacy. A man of great intelligence, finesse, courage, pertinacity, he seems never to have regarded life, persons, nations as anything but parts of a diplomatic manœuvre. His immense skill in the game was shown by the large part he played in bringing down Napoleon. From 1806 to 1814 the part which he played was a very dangerous one, and one cannot but admire the quickness of wit, the practical inventiveness, and the unyielding nerve which he brought to it. But one admires Metternich as one would a clever juggler or a great chess player. His horizon was the green baize of the diplomatic table, and he had no sense of history. It is doubtful whether he ever understood the importance of any event of his time or realized that something had died out of Europe in 1789. It is even probable that the crash of 1848 never enlightened him, and that he died at the age of eighty-seven believing that everything can be accomplished by pulling wires.

That was a mistake which, I think, Talleyrand never made. In pure diplomacy he was as good as, I should say better than, Metternich. He was equally quick and inventive in manœuvre, and he saw further and deeper. His subtlety and astonishing nerve are shown by the fact that he played the leading part in diplomacy from the Directory to the Restoration, representing France not only under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, but at the Congress of Vienna. But he was never merely the diplomatist. He was a statesman who could see history as well as foreign politics. That was why even before 1800 he could foresee that the Napoleonic system must destroy itself, and why in 1814 he could meet Castlereagh and Metternich as equals at the Congress. But behind his statesmanship there lay something more interesting, the most complete cynicism of which a human being is capable. I always think that Talleyrand was far more of a superman than Napoleon. He was always master of his fate. That was what enabled him to live, dignified and contemptuous, through the terrible days when he was betraying Napoleon and the humiliating years which followed Waterloo. It gave him also his superb effrontery. For effrontery nothing has ever equalled his remark at one of the earliest meetings of the plenipotentiaries at Vienna. Someone mentioned "the King of Naples," meaning Murat, and Talleyrand, the ex-Minister of Napoleon, who was Murat's brother-in-law and had made him king, said: "What King of Naples is under discussion? We do not know the man in question."

* * *

There was nothing romantic, as I have said, about either Talleyrand or Metternich, and the idea which M. Paléologue seems to hint at, that with them and with Napoleon romance died out of diplomacy, is nonsense. But it is true that they belonged to a school of diplomacy which is now dead. The change is only part of that greater change from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, from the age of monarchs to the age of democracy and capitalism. I have just read a book called "Dollar Diplomacy," by Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.), which shows one pretty clearly in what the change consists. It is one of those excellent books which Americans write and which analyze carefully and in detail the characteristics of American foreign policy and diplomacy during the last generation. If you read it, you will see that the springs of national action are to-day quite different from what they were in the days of Talleyrand. Mr. Harriman, the railway magnate, who determined to girdle the world with an American railway, is a powerful figure who stands behind the American diplomatist, and there are other figures like Mr. J. P. Morgan, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, and Mr. Otto Kahn. There is no place for a Talleyrand, a Metternich, or a Bismarck—for Bismarck was the last statesman of the old school—when Mr. Harriman holds the strings, for the real diplomatists in dollar diplomacy are the railway magnates and financiers, not the Foreign Ministers and ambassadors. M. Paléologue sums up the difference in the words of Chateaubriand that Napoleon was the last of the great individual lives. That is only superficially true. The great individual lives are still lived, not by the Talleyrands and Napoleons, but by the Harrimans and the Northcliffes.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

SHAKESPEARE AND POLESWORTH

A Chapter in the Early Life of Shakespeare. Polesworth in Arden. By ARTHUR GRAY, M.A., Master of Jesus College, Cambridge. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.)

ON April 26th, 1564, William, son of John Shakespeare and Mary his wife, was baptized in the parish church of Stratford-upon-Avon. A bond dated November 28th, 1582, shows that William Shakespeare married "Anne Hathaway of Stratford"; a child, Susanna, was baptized on May 26th, 1583, and twins were baptized on February 2nd, 1585. That much is positively and irrefutably known of Shakespeare's youth. Something is known of his father; *i.e.*, that he was alderman (1565) and high bailiff (1568) of Stratford, that in 1577 he entered on a period of financial embarrassment, to such an extent that in 1586 he was removed from the list of aldermen. The next time we hear of William Shakespeare is in 1592, when he is obviously referred to as an actor and playwright in Greene's "Groat's-worth of Wit." All the other information about these twenty-eight years rests either on tradition or unprovable assertions of later writers or more or less reasonable assumptions or more or less reasonable conjectures. Every variety of attitude is possible, from extreme scepticism to extreme credulity, from reasonable and mature common sense to the most fantastic dreams of vanity and folly. Insignificant writers, without parts, but liberally supplied with passions, may secure the deceptive immortality of a connection with the name of Shakespeare by some more or less fanciful conjecture or theory about his life. I look forward with confidence to the day when every inhabitant of Stratford contemporary with Shakespeare will have his biography, when every eminent contemporary will have been advanced as the true author of Shakespeare's Plays. Then Shakespeare scholars will read, comment upon, and criticize those books, and the Plays will gently slide into oblivion as school-texts and museum specimens.

Meanwhile, the Master of Jesus College has a new conjecture to offer. It might, and ought, to have appeared as a half-column letter in the "Times Literary Supplement," so amiably hospitable to these offspring of the leisure moments of the eminent inhabitants of academic bowers. The conjecture has been expanded by means of various (and highly unconvincing) proofs, collateral circumstances, divagations, discursions and the like, to 123 pages, which have been beautifully printed by the Cambridge University Press, and illustrated with eight pleasing photographs taken in the village of Polesworth. Now this Polesworth was a picturesque Warwickshire village with a ruined monastery and a church and a Hall and a local family (the Gooderes) which patronized Drayton; and Mr. Gray relates a number of interesting facts about this parish and the Goodere family. If there is no parish history of Polesworth, there ought to be one; and Mr. Gray is the man to write it. But why drag in Shakespeare?

Mr. Gray believes that the Grammar School at Stratford was very poor (Roche, the schoolmaster in 1570-1572 was a fellow of Corpus Christi, Oxford), that the society of Stratford was extremely boorish and uneducated, that Shakespeare *must* have had an upbringing different from that of a Stratford tradesman's son. The conjecture may be given in Mr. Gray's own words:—

"It so happened that, just at this time [*i.e.*, 1571], a matter was in dispute between the Corporation of Stratford and a townsmen named Perret, and it was submitted to the arbitration of four country gentlemen—Sir Fulke Greville, Sir Thomas Lucy, Clement Throckmorton, and Henry Goodere of Polesworth. The arbitrators gave their award at Stratford on January 3rd, 1570-1, and were entertained by the Corporation at the Bear Inn in Bridge Street. As John Shakespeare was a regular attendant in this year at Corporation meetings—indeed, was present at a meeting on January 18th—it is all but certain that he made the acquaintance of Goodere in that month, if, indeed, it had not begun earlier. Twice in the accounts of 1571-2 the Corporation paid for horse-hire to 'Mr. Gooderes,' and on January 18th in the same year it was agreed 'by the assent and consent of the aldermen and burgesses that Mr. Adrian Queney, now bailiff, and Mr. John Shakespeare shall at Hillary terme next ensuinge deale in the affayres concerning the commen wealthe of the burrough accordinge to theire discretions.' The order apparently relates to litigation in London, but it is clear that in all its legal business the Corporation reposed its

confidence in its Chief Alderman. What talk may have passed between him and Goodere it is impossible to say. But I take it that, then or later, little William was packed off to Polesworth—a curious piece of good luck for him and for us: for in all England, outside London, there was then, and was to be later, no place more ferocious of poetic genius than Polesworth Hall."

The upshot of all this is that "little William" became a page in the Goodere's house, and thus received that gentlemanly education without which it was impossible that he should become the "gentle William" who got Anne Hathaway with child and had to marry her, who speedily escaped to London, traditionally under suspicion of deer-stealing, to consort with rogues and vagabonds, who made money as an actor, theatrical capitalist, botcher of old plays and furnisher of new ones, who wrote some sonnets which indicate that he regretted his sensuality in an affair with a woman who was not his wife, and who died at fifty-two with a joyful and quiet mind, leaving behind the lasting tradition that death was the result of regrettable intemperance. Mr. Gray speaks boldly of this Polesworth business as "a fact." But what fact? That Henry Goodere was arbitrator in a Stratford Corporation dispute when John Shakespeare was alderman. All the rest of Mr. Gray's evidence for education at Polesworth is conjecture and surmise, often of a very flimsy kind, often based upon an arbitrary interpretation of references and passages in the Plays. Mr. Gray has allowed certain scruples of orthodoxy to restrain him. It would have been bolder to reject them and to prove that Shakespeare was a graduate of Cambridge University.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

AN ENTHUSIAST

Francis Jenkinson: a Memoir. By H. F. STEWART. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.)

LIFE in one of our ancient universities may be narrow, but this narrowness has one advantage: it allows personality to be felt. There are many men, with much to communicate, who have not the gift of making their communication indirectly, through the creations of their mind or hands. They can deal, therefore, only with individuals, not with masses. Their labour is what Adam Smith would call "unproductive," because "their services generally perish in the very instant of their performance, and seldom leave any trace or value behind them." In a great city such a man may make no mark except on his family and immediate colleagues; in Cambridge or in Oxford he may become one of the great forces of his generation.

Cambridge has recently lost two fine examples of this type, Francis Jenkinson, the subject of this memoir, and Henry Jackson, whose Life by Dr. Parry was issued at the same moment. As a bibliographer Jenkinson had a European reputation, and in him the Library found both a devoted servant and a redoubtable champion. But as University Librarian his name cannot eclipse the greater one of Bradshaw, and we must look for his achievement less to his influence on the character of the Library than to the inspiration he gave to the hundreds of students who passed through its doors while he was in command. Dr. Stewart has done full justice to his official work, describing vividly his keen hunt for new acquisitions, his brilliant battle over the Copyright Bill, and his unsuccessful, but unflagging, exertions on behalf of the extension of the Library. And he has given us also a picture of that infectious enthusiasm, coupled with pitiless accuracy, which made the image of Jenkinson live in the memory of a scholar, even after a single chance visit to Cambridge. Perhaps the most striking tribute quoted is that of M. Desjardins, who wrote: "De M. Jenkinson je garde une image rapide, mais une idée distincte et durable. J'admirer cet air d'innocence vénérable des hommes qui se sont usés à purger la science d'erreurs et d'à peu près. Je sais aussi que ce scrupuleux était un cœur profond."

"Venerable innocence" is a brilliant characterization, but there was "venerable impudence," too. His school friends described him as being impish as a boy, and impish he remained to the end. There was something irresistibly cheeky about the smile with which he told a good story, and this spirit of perennial youth made every pleasure shared with him as exciting as a schoolboy adventure. He had that

unselfishness which is incapable of envy. It was not merely that every delight was for him enhanced by being passed on to a friend, but he could get real happiness from the knowledge that another was about to enjoy an experience that was denied to him. "Do go and hear the Ninth Symphony on Wednesday afternoon," he wrote. "It would be a comfort to know you are there, if I am not." But though he had many of the Christian virtues, he did not love his enemies. He was a merciless critic of incompetence and vulgarity, his patriotism and political views were of the most ruthless variety, and he waged a war on all animal and vegetable pests that was untempered by any trace of squeamish pity. His diary can bear witness:—

"Dowsed the yellow cat in the water-butt."
"Annie had gathered 560 snails, which I squashed."
"Coming home, killed slugs for an hour and read
Hain till nearly 1."

There is a passage in Percy Lubbock's "Roman Pictures" which might almost have been written of Jenkinson. It is the description of a Professor of Archeology. "He had the appearance partly of a moth and partly of a scarecrow; and the mixture, as I recall it, surprisingly gives him the likeness of a soft and ragged rain-cloud, swept by a kindly gust." And like a rain-cloud he has passed, and there is something pathetic about this memoir. We know that it cannot create him for those who never saw him. It is written for his generation, to teach those who knew him a little to know him better. But it has a further value. Charles Sayle, Jenkinson's colleague in the Library, once said in conversation: "When I was young I wanted to write, but I found that I couldn't. So I decided to do the next best thing and devote my life to caring for the books that others have written. If I could live my life again I should choose differently." If there is any young librarian or bibliographer who is at times assailed by thoughts like these, and fancies his profession is dead and dull and a mere second-best, let him read this life of Jenkinson. He will learn what delights, what thrills, what adventures are in store for him, if he can catch something of the spirit of that great enthusiast.

POETRY

Poems in One Volume. By J. C. SQUIRE. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

Selected Poems. By CARL SANDBURG. With an Introduction by REBECCA WEST. (Cape. 6s.)

Humoresque. By HUMBERT WOLFE. (Benn. 6s.)

The Deluge, and Other Poems. By R. C. TREVELYAN. (Hogarth Press. 5s.)

The language of poetry is perpetually dying if it is not nourished with new expressions or new forms of old expressions. Words, which the Elizabethans loved, became worn out in the mouths of numerous imitators of Spenser and Shakespeare. Waller and Denham, it is said, introduced a new coinage which was in common circulation in the eighteenth century. Wordsworth changed the currency once more, and a new value was given to words that had been worn away in traditional use. The diction of poetry is at present suffering a change; it is, and this is of the greatest importance, being brought up to date, and the forms of language in common use are taking the place of many of the inanimate forms which figured so largely in the poetry of the last half-century.

The point of these introductory remarks is emphasized in a comparison between the works of two contemporary poets, Mr. J. C. Squire and Carl Sandburg. Mr. Squire is a well-known writer, and it would be superfluous in this article to discuss his work at length; nevertheless, one wonders how many of his large audience are aware that his poetry is lifeless, so many mummied figures, sometimes beautifully decorated ("The House," "A Far Place"), but only dust under their poetic wrappings. Even a visit to a Chicago meat factory did not force his eyes open wide enough to the modern world in which he lives apparently unaware. Carl Sandburg, who is the first poet to express an attitude towards the life of a great modern industrial centre, such as Chicago, might be thinking of Mr. Squire's "Stockyard" when he writes:—

"It is easy to come here a stranger and show the whole works, write a book, fix it all up—it is easy to come and go away a muddle-headed pig, a bum, and a bag of wind."

But Mr. Sandburg sees not only the microcosm of the Middle West, but also how it becomes part of the whole plan of modern life, with its great factories and industries, exploiting science for its own ends, and uniting those ends inextricably one with another. "The main determinant of his art," writes Miss Rebecca West in an admirable introduction, "is the power of his native idiom to deal with the inner life of man. He can describe the inner life, the not-too-bad life, that lies behind the shapeless skyscrapers . . . and the dreary timber houses of an ordinary Middle Western town." This "native idiom" in Mr. Sandburg's mouth has a quality undreamt of by those who have only read it off the screen at the cinema; the very commonest words become animated in the setting he gives, and by the insistent rhythm he imparts, to them. Rhythm is more important to him than melody (it is the opposite with Mr. Squire), because he has discovered that it is true of the experiences he describes, the drumming of machines, the hubbub of the city and the progress of pick and shovel on the prairie, that has already been half-expressed by jazz. "Forgive us," he writes of his own city ("The Windy City"):

"Forgive us if the jazz timebeats
Of these clumsy mass shadows
Moan in saxophone undertones,
And the footsteps of the jungle,
The fang cry the rip claw hiss,
The sneak-up, and the still watch,
The slant of the slit eyes waiting—
If these bother respectable people . . ."

It is not only of cities that he writes, but of the plains also which surround them, for as a young man he had worked in the country round Kansas, and had found there a new aspect of life, unknown, or at least forgotten, in the city:—

"The phantom of a yellow rooster flaunting a scarlet comb, on top of a dung-pile crying hallelujah to the streaks of daylight." ("Prairie.")

In order to understand these poems it is important to study them with the same care as we should use to read a poem in a foreign language. "His lines will not reveal their music, and indeed have none to reveal, unless they are read with a Middle Western accent; which, incidentally—and this is important because it gives time for the variations of rhythm to disclose themselves—is much slower than English speech." (Introduction.) Moreover, the novelty of diction, and the fact that even familiar words have a literary ancestry quite different from what an English reader expects, make many of the poems as hard to understand perfectly at first sight as, say, Rimbaud's "Bonheur." The complaint of some people may be that they are insufficiently intellectualized, and therefore blatant. But even if that were a just criticism, it is a good thing for a new development to be unsophisticated. The danger point is at the other end of the scale, where Dada and his numerous progeny are to be found. In Europe we are beginning to realize that if poetry is to be kept alive, it must be brought in contact with a world that has been changed, and is still being changed, by scientific discoveries. Mr. T. S. Eliot has already manifested this in his own work, while, in the other arts, Honegger's "Pacific," Léger's "Ballet mécanique," and Picabia's paintings are manifestations of the same thing.

There remains, nevertheless, a place for the craftsman, who, though he may have little to say, can design a perfect setting for his small jewels. Mr. Humbert Wolfe is one of these. "Humoresque," which tells again the tragedy of Pierrot and of Pierrette, is fragile, like eggshell porcelain, but almost always beautiful. There is only space for one short quotation:—

"It was not only that the deathless bond
Was tied between us by a single word,
But something in us both had passed beyond
Into that incomunicable surd."

With less felicity, but with obvious skill, Mr. R. C. Trevelyan uses the decasyllable in his version of the "Sumerian Deluge," and in a lighter manner the same measure in a fanciful poem called the "Lady's Bat." His poems, as a whole, are the work of a scholar rather than of an artist. In Mr. Wolfe's work, on the other hand, is a quality above mere craftsmanship which places its author among the few living poets of real merit.

NEW CHAPTERS IN GREEK ART

New Chapters in Greek Art. By PERCY GARDNER.
(Oxford: Clarendon Press. 21s.)

A book on Greek Art should surely be reviewed by someone whose interests are closely concerned with art and with archaeology. No doubt this book will have the attention of such students. But for once, perhaps, the relation of art with life may be recalled, if the impressions of a student of history are recorded, as he reads the work of a master archaeologist who has also written upon Greek history and Greek coinage.

It has been, and it is, one of the reproaches of our Classical studies that they are piecemeal. "Our bad *habit*," as Professor Gardner says, "of leaping from the great autonomous age of Greece to the great imperial age of Rome puts our notions of ancient history out of focus and prevents us seeing it as a continuous evolution." Recent "reforms" at Cambridge have eliminated Alexander the Great from ancient history as most students have it, and even Demosthenes depends on the probability (a high one, no doubt) that a passage of him may be "set." At Oxford, Professor Gardner tells us, "the Board of Literæ Humaniores has repeatedly refused to allow Archaeology any place in the Final Schools." So there is the first advantage to the historian in such a volume as this—it implies an undivided antiquity and reminds the reader that he has to be at home in the Hellenistic world as well as in the Athens of Pericles, if he is to understand either Greece or Rome—or Christianity or modernity, either.

Even on the lowest levels of History, if we may speak so without absurdity, the study of such a volume contributes. There were so many battles in the fifth century B.C. and so many ships were lost in Egyptian revolutions and elsewhere, that historians sometimes forget to mention so small but so significant a matter as Professor Gardner gives us incidentally, when he says that "in the fifth century Etruria was simply swamped with the painted vases of Athens." Yet, if such a statement is of high value to the student of the economic and social aspects of life, it also bears on the spiritual side too.

Professor Gardner makes an interesting survey of the changes that the half-century of his own experience has brought in our outfit and outlook in Classical studies. Schliemann had begun the new age; the Germans spent £50,000 in excavating Olympia. Crete and Delphi are known now as they were not thirty years ago. Pausanias has become a living author whose guidance can be used and checked amid sites he saw, which the spade has restored to us. Even Herodotus owes something to M. Homolle at Delphi. We have statues to study that were unknown—and here abrupt digression may be made to two studies by Professor Gardner in the volume before us.

Themistocles is one of the most famous figures of Greece, prominent and yet elusive. The friends of Herodotus did not like him, and Herodotus did not like what they told him. Thucydides pauses to make it quite definite that in sheer natural genius Themistocles was the greatest statesman of Greece. Professor Gardner raises the interesting question whether we have not an actual statue of him. He begins with coinage minted by the great man in exile at Magnesia, and from that passes to a later coin of Magnesia picturing him before an altar, naked, bearded, and crowned with a wreath—obviously a reproduction of a statue; and a copy of that statue Professor Gardner photographs for us. Then, again, a statue of a lady was sold by auction from the Hope Collection in 1917, "wrongly described and not figured" in the catalogue. She went to the Ashmolean; and Professor Gardner, in a study that beats Sherlock Holmes, tracks her down. Her home was Athens; the sculptor, he thinks, was very like Pheidias, and the lady—Aspasia herself.

No space remains to unfold what he has to say of Roman portraiture and the Athenian stage, but the reader will do well to see for himself. And nobody, who ever bought an "antique" or thought of so doing, should fail to read the dreadful stories he tells of Italians patching Greek statues with Italian marble, putting male necks on female bodies, and even giving a lady a man's head. Nerva in the pose of Zeus must go overboard; even aphorisms on naturalism and the Orient, which we all use so vaguely, must be sacrificed. Really the book must be read, and to read it is to enjoy it.

T. R. GLOVER.

TWO VIEWS OF FRENCH LITERATURE

French Studies and Reviews. By RICHARD ALDINGTON.
(Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

From Pascal to Proust: Studies in the Genealogy of a Philosophy. By G. TURQUET-MILNES. (Cape. 5s.)

THESE volumes give us two very different pictures of the French and French literature. Mr. Aldington likes the anecdote, the depreciatory story which indirectly ministers to our instinct of appreciation (for all scandal is a form of appreciation), the by-paths which the present generation for various reasons finds more characteristic than the main road. He writes about human beings. Mr. Turquet-Milnes, on the other hand, writes about great figures. To him M. Paul Valéry is "the prince of poets"; M. Thibaudet, "the realization of the ideal critical figure"; M. Bergson—one really does not know what: he is so sublime. A few generations ago Carlyle was the Prophet, Tennyson the Singer, Ruskin the Teacher. Mr. Turquet-Milnes still sees his heroes in such terms. One of the virtues of the French is witty observation; one of their faults is rhetoric. Mr. Aldington gives us a few examples of the former, Mr. Turquet-Milnes a great deal of the latter. He writes in the really disastrous vein in which even intelligent Frenchmen will sometimes write, when the theme is the French spirit, or the French mind.

In the present volume Mr. Aldington shows erudition rather than judgment. Writing on certain aspects of French mediæval life, on the Crusades, on the Troubadours, Jaubert de Puycibot and Guilhem de Cabestanh, on the Lyons poets, the miracle play of St. Nicholas, the writer Restif de la Bretonne, he has the knack of picking out the really illuminating anecdote or detail, the observation or the line which strikes us with surprise; but his comments have not the conclusiveness which Mr. Lytton Strachey, for instance, would have given them. How greatly it adds to the satisfaction of our minds when to a witty story the inevitable commentary is appended, clinching it, fixing it in the exact place it should have in our memory! Mr. Aldington does not give us this satisfaction, but his matter is so well chosen, his style so easy and unaffected, that the book is continuously interesting. One might object that it consists almost entirely of book reviews; and there is a prejudice, justified very often by experience, against books compiled in that way. A few of these articles are, indeed, far too short, inadequate footnotes to a vast subject; but they are, after all, not so much critical as allusive, and an allusion may be as telling in a short article as in a long. Scattered here and there are charming vignettes of French literary life, the most charming of all an idyllic picture of Voltaire in his old age at Ferney. There is a fête in honour of Mlle. Clairon, the actress, and verses, written by Voltaire, are sung by M. de Florian, at that time a child, and a little girl, dressed as a shepherd and a shepherdess. "Tokay was drunk to the lady's health, Voltaire made impromptu verses, and the company danced till dawn."

Mr. Aldington makes his figures human; Mr. Turquet-Milnes's, on the other hand, oppress us by their supernatural greatness. Among these M. Bergson, a rightly honoured name, but too much honoured, perhaps, by his admirers, is the greatest of all. In him Mr. Turquet-Milnes finds the justification for the great figures in French literature. Pascal, Molière, and Balzac were Bergsonians by anticipation; Proust was influenced by Bergson, as have been MM. Valéry and Thibaudet. One could demonstrate with equal ease that Shakespeare, Beethoven, and Leonardo were Bergsonians, and the demonstration would have equal value. Mr. Turquet-Milnes's net is so wide that nothing can escape it. Molière is a Bergsonian because his comedy fulfils the requirements laid down by M. Bergson in his little book on laughter: it corrects human idiosyncrasies. But the truth is that M. Bergson's conception of comedy is the French one; it is not valid for Shakespeare or Dickens; it does not justify Molière's comedy (which is only one among the chief kinds of comedy), but derives from it. Nevertheless, the author's ideas are sometimes suggestive; their defect is that uniformly they lack exactitude, and the natural result is that the style is overstrained and rhetorical. Not unexpectedly, Mr. Turquet-Milnes is unkind to Proust; still, that writer "can certainly claim to have written the best commentary"—on M. Bergson's theory of the dream.

EDWIN MUIR.

AESTHETICS, ART, AND COMMERCE

The Revival of Aesthetics. By HUBERT WALEY. (3s. 6d.)
Art and Commerce. By ROGER FRY. (2s. 6d.) Hogarth
 Essays. (Hogarth Press.)

If, as Mr. Waley says, the subject of aesthetics has suffered from over-simplified treatment, this "Revival," for very complexity, should carry it a good lap forward in its perilous race. In speaking of his own running in this race, Mr. Waley apologizes profoundly for his awkwardness of movement and meticulous circumspection. It is a pity that so few psychological writers find themselves able to write in a direct and simple manner, and Mr. Waley tends to join that group of writers who are only read by students. This limitation would be an enormous loss to the general public, for Mr. Waley sees more clearly than he writes, and is in sympathy with the best of modern psychology in its application to artistic problems.

The skeleton of this essay appeared in the BURLINGTON MAGAZINE, November, December, 1923, and February, 1924, under the title of "Three Aspects of Art"; and it is interesting to follow the use which has been made of these sketches. They have lost much of their spontaneity and simplicity, but this is to be forgiven in the fuller intensity of the result.

Mr. Waley is a strong upholder of the Gestalt psychology as opposed to the Gehalt theory: the importance of significant form as opposed to that of subject. Someone has said "The subject of a picture doesn't matter, it may be Christ or a teapot," but even this does not quite give Mr. Waley's point of view, for with him the subject still retains its importance, though not *qua* subject. He considers that every subject produces its own peculiar design of form and colour.

In a most interesting section we are shown how different modes of movement and texture, as suggested by sound, colour and form, have a resemblance to their correlative emotions; and it is the power to transmute one into the other which is the artist's gift. He goes on to say:—

"The crucial difference between the artist and the ordinary mortal which emerges from my hypothesis is this, that, while the ordinary mortal in ordinary gesture and conversation makes a shape- and sound-structure which roughly resembles the outstanding features of his emotional flux, the artist pushes the elaboration of his rendering much farther. It is not difficult to envisage the dance as a development of spontaneous gesticulation. But my contention is that we must go a step farther and envisage the significant form of a picture as accomplishing a sort of dance, imitative of the emotion which it serves to express."

Mr. Waley divides our mental impressions into a procession and a background—the procession being clearly defined while the background is but a blurred patterning.

The use of the word "background" is dangerous. We would rather call it an enveloping atmosphere, mysterious and elusive, which affects each separate object in the procession. It is this atmosphere which is our emotion, and art will be made by conveying this emotion into a material form by means of a selection of objects in the procession.

Lipp's suggestion of "Einfühlung" is bound up with Mr. Waley's of self-hypnotism; with which, he says, every bout of aesthetic activity must be accompanied. His expansion of this theory is very suggestive, and forms an important part of his essay, which is itself a valuable addition to the literature of aesthetics.

The subject matter of Mr. Fry's brilliant note "Art and Commerce" was first used for a lecture in Oxford to illustrate an exhibition of posters, and he should certainly have taken the trouble to remodel it as an essay. For eight pages all is well, but then a shuffling of feet, a movement of papers, begins to make itself heard. You see Mr. Fry facing an audience of cabbage-like faces—you are sitting in an unfamiliar hall with a draught on your neck. The climax is reached as you read the last sentence to the buzz of general acclamation, the departure of students and the slamming of doors. So little would have prevented this malaise.

Essay or lecture, call it what you will, it is full of interest. With a light and nimble wit Mr. Fry deals with aspects of art in Mesopotamia, Egypt, Italy, and Western Europe. He shows how in Egypt and Mesopotamia, a powerful aesthetic movement arose which quickly settled

down to the production of what he calls "Opifacts." During the Roman period commercial civilization was highly organized, but its leading citizens considered their want of aesthetic sensibility a proof of moral superiority. In Florence and Siena, on the other hand, we find the artist preferred to the opifex, so that soon all opifices were artists. In the nineteenth century in England and France we again find a general preference for opifacts, but now artists no longer allowed themselves to be submerged, and for the first time opifex and artist recognized their respective differences of nature and purpose.

Mr. Fry has limited himself to posters as a form of expression in which commerce may help the artist. This was merely a local necessity in connection with his lecture, but a wider outlook would have been more suited to the essay.

A NOVELIST'S ESSAYS

Spillikins. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Methuen, 5s.)

THE revival of the essay is tempting an increasing number of popular fiction writers into *belles-lettres*. Canon Hannay (for it is frankly as a clergyman that "George A. Birmingham" here writes) now enters the field. He does so with greater success, though with less assurance, than many of his fellow novelists. "I am no artist," he says. "I am not even a skilled craftsman. I work in common stuff, not the delicate ivory of beautiful, or precious, prose. I claim kinship with the makers of spillikins only in this, that I have worked as fancy directed, writing in various moods, in different places, and at different times. The results, the toys of my fashioning, have been flung down without order in a heap." This is true enough. Canon Hannay's spillikins are indeed a mixed lot, and some of them are hardly worth picking up to examine. In other words, there is in this book of "essays" a number of mere articles and sermons. They are well-written articles and sermons; but they are out of place in their present setting. "Changing England," for example, with its obsequies over the "village-bred steadfastness" and the "middle-class independence" that were the "backbone" of the community in pre-war days, reads like a leading article in some disgruntled Tory journal, and its prejudices, set forth with unadorned journalistic efficiency, merely provoke in us the spirit of argument and retaliation.

When, however, the author mixes humour and tolerance with them, as he often succeeds in doing, his prejudices, though they continue to run counter to our own, no longer annoy, but delight, us. That, perhaps, is one of the severest tests of the true "essay," and it is a test which Canon Hannay, in his happier moods, passes conspicuously well. In "A.D. One Thousand" he mocks at certain modern educational theories which seem to us to be eminently sound. But his raillery is so light and subtle, and is worked so naturally into his account of the visit of two of His Majesty's Inspectors to a village school, that we are forced to laugh at ourselves. This means, of course, that Canon Hannay, in spite of his own strong views, is, except when humour deserts him, essentially charitable. He is not so much fundamentally opposed to modern ideas and influences as he is roused to caustic mirth by those who fall an easy prey to new slogans and formulæ, or exhibit any kind of "superiority." His excellent fun at the expense of the present "Catholic" movement in the Church of England is another illustration of his dislike for solemnity and pose.

In "The Seaside"—in which, incidentally, he deplores the fact that, except for three or four poems by Swinburne, two by Matthew Arnold, a few sonnets by Wordsworth, and occasional lines by Tennyson, we have no poetry which truly interprets "the sea feeling and the sea longing of our hearts"—Canon Hannay proves his ability to weave a readable essay out of the slightest and most obvious material; while in "A Point of Conscience," with its delightful story of a drunken Irish organist, he turns to good account a chance encounter on a railway platform. On the whole, indeed, this is a capital little book. All we ask of its author is that in future collections of the sort he should give us his "essays" neat. He might publish his sermons and political writings separately, for the benefit of such as prefer edification to entertainment.

INSURANCE NOTES

CHOICE AND CIRCUMSTANCE

Men are careful to insure their houses, ships, and merchandise, and yet frequently fail to consider the adequate insurance of their life, which is of much greater importance to their families. Families are dependent upon an income for health, happiness, and life itself. This income may be the interest on funds which have been inherited or accumulated, but in the majority of cases it depends on current earning power.

Life Assurance creates estates immediately which will replace earning power at death or advancing age. There are numerous contracts to meet every circumstance, and it is possible to arrange a contract to suit individual requirements.

The right form of policy requires careful thought. The architect first mentally visualizes his house, which, after due consideration, becomes a blue print of his mental picture and later passes from the hands of the builder a finished building.

Thousands of homes are to-day supported, either wholly or in part, by the proceeds of Life Assurance policies. How would your home be affected by your neglect to see ahead what Life Assurance will do? Have you considered how much a month your family would require to provide them with food, clothes, and a roof over their heads if they were left alone, and how far your present estate would meet their needs?

The rich man should ask himself whether his estate will be reduced by half by Estate Duties and expenses of administration, and whether his park or treasures will be advertised for auction to pay for neglect in arranging an insurance to pay Estate Duties.

The borrower from a Building Society who can foresee that in the event of his death his family would be unable to keep up the heavy payments and would have to move from their comfortable home to some back street, can meet this contingency by paying a few shillings a week extra. If he should die, his family would have the Mortgage automatically removed.

Another form of insurance which is often neglected is the contract for business men to pay out their partner's widow in the event of death. Many men would do this if they seriously contemplated the possibility of having to take their late partner's widow as a business partner.

Life Assurance policies combine the two features of protection and investment to a greater or less degree, and the first thing to determine is which of these elements is more important in a particular case.

A very useful contract for the young man with a small salary and good prospects is one in which the premiums for the first few years are very small and increase after ten years or any period arranged. This enables Life Assurance cover for a larger amount to be obtained when it may be very necessary.

Life Assurance is an ideal way of providing for a child's education. It makes the fund for education certain, besides spreading a heavy expense over a long term of years.

The Endowment Assurance is the best way of providing for old age and at the same time making family provision in the event of death. A man's earning power is generally at its best between thirty and fifty, and a wisely chosen Endowment Policy is an excellent stimulus to systematic saving, which makes it possible for a man to decide definitely when he will retire.

Life Assurance should be viewed in the light of the income it will produce rather than the lump sum available, and this should be borne in mind in choosing the form of policy, so that the savings available may be utilized to obtain the necessary income in the event of the death of the breadwinner.

When a man visualizes the wants of his family and himself for the future, the next step is to formulate his Life Assurance plans so that each day becomes a step towards their realization.

A man may be worth far from £10,000 and yet may have an income-producing power which would enable him to make the accumulation of £10,000 an easy matter. Time is required for this, and Life Assurance is the only plan which capitalizes his potential earning power and gives him a contract showing a clear title to an estate in keeping with this earning power.

SCRIBO.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Shrewsbury Edition of the Works of Samuel Butler.
Vol. XX.—*The Note-Books.* (Cape. 21s.)

This is the final volume of a noble edition. The "Note-Books" are reprinted without material alteration or addition from the first edition, though in the section "Poems" there are two not particularly good new sonnets. Mr. Festing Jones gives his reasons for not making a further selection from Butler's notes. His decision is, we think, to be regretted. But he has contributed himself a charming introduction to this final volume.

* * *

The Municipal Year Book for 1926. ("Municipal Journal." 15s.)

Universities Year Book 1926. (Bell. 7s. 6d.)

These two year-books contain a vast amount of useful information on their respective fields. The first gives full information with regard to the work and membership of municipal bodies from Corporations to Rural District Councils, besides a large number of other facts and statistics. The second is an admirable reference book for all facts dealing with the Universities of the Empire.

* * *

A Dictionary of Modern English Usage. By H. W. FOWLER. (Oxford : Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Fowler is joint author of "The Concise Oxford Dictionary" and "The Pocket Oxford Dictionary" and that fascinating book "The King's English." His new dictionary is admirably conceived and admirably executed. Here one finds the modern usage with regard to spelling, pronunciation, form, and meaning of innumerable words discussed. The book is very easy to find one's way about. Mr. Fowler is a safe and entertaining guide. The dictionary will be extremely useful to all writers, and we can also recommend it to all those who like to do battle over "cinema" and "kinema," "aesthetic" and "esthetic," "recipe" and "receipt," and the like.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

SUCH magazines as have managed to collect themselves in time to make an appearance on the usual date this month devote a good deal of space to discussion of the Strike. The "Fortnightly Review" has an article by Sir John Marriott, in which he assures us that he "has not the slightest apprehension of the success of the revolutionary party in England," but at the same time: "Upon Parliament is laid . . . a twofold duty; on the one hand, to take from the present world all that is sound and good in trade unionism; on the other, to deprive of their power to scuttle the ship of State the piratical desperadoes," &c. In the same paper "Curio" writes on The General Strike and the Conservative Leadership; "The story," he says, "can be told in few words. In the ultimate resort Mr. Baldwin and Lord Birkenhead were defeated by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Neville Chamberlain at a critical stage of the negotiations. . . . When two great military Powers are in negotiation over very grave matters and the issue of peace or war hangs in the balance, the most manifest danger is that some zealous subordinate will precipitate a frontier incident and that an exchange of shots will take place. Is that a reason for great statesmen to declare a war which otherwise might have been avoided? . . . The fact remains . . . the Cabinet . . . did declare war, not when all negotiations had failed, but over 'a frontier incident.' Again, the final decision of the Government for war was not in harmony with that of the Ministers specially charged with the negotiation, and it overrode the opinion of the Prime Minister." Mr. Lancelot Lawton offers "The Only Solution" in the Industrial Crisis—low-temperature carbonization. In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. Walter Shaw Sparrow writes on "Citizens and the Coal Drama": not a description of the "heroism" of the general public in the recent strike, but an examination of the public attitude to the miners, and their treatment by the owners and the Government by a man who has had sympathy and understanding for them since the age of fifteen, when he read Disraeli's "Sybil." "I have been haunted since 1918 by Beaconsfield's firm belief that Great Britain, after a vast ordeal, would never be able

to begin again, and that in this she was unlike every other nation of great power that he knew. . . . Which do Conservatives wish to conserve—bad wages or willing labour? And since our industrial country needs urgently a new beginning, wisely thorough, she is more dependent than ever on industrial toil, productive and distributive; yet efforts are being made to buy cheap what should be most dear to her—energetic service from contented workpeople." In the same paper Mr. Meredith Atkinson writes on "The General Strike in History." Mr. Wickham Steed has an article on "The Strike and Its Lessons" in the "Review of Reviews." M. Pierre Crabitès writes in the "Nineteenth Century" on "Spanish Politics of To-day," and Mr. Wyatt Tilby writes in the same paper on "The Lost Leader"—that is to say, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. In the "Fortnightly Review" Mr. Robert Machray has an article on "The Little Entente and Its Policies," and there is a paper by Major E. W. Polson Newman on "Persia Under Reza Khan."

In the "Contemporary Review" Mr. C. F. G. Masterman leads off with a vigorous article on "The General Strike and After." He begins with a record of the facts, and sums up with the view that "the trade union world lies shattered and in ruins," and that it has been shattered not by the Government, but by the despised bourgeoisie which "proved . . . better men than the manual workers." Other interesting articles in the "Contemporary" are: "Mr. Churchill's Second Budget," by F. W. Hirst; "The Crisis of Prohibition," by S. K. Ratcliffe; "The Italian Popular Party," by Don Sturzo; and "The Selection of Books," by Dr. C. Hagberg Wright.

The "Poetry Review" appears accompanied by "Poetry of To-day," a quarterly "extra" containing a hundred and sixteen poems. "The Photographic Journal" is, as usual, sumptuously illustrated, and has an article on "Form and Content in Pictorial Art," by Mr. F. C. Tilney. The "Cornhill Magazine" prints short stories by Miss E. M. Delafield, Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, and Miss Katharine Keeling.



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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

NEW ZEALAND SUCCESS—INDIAN SECURITIES—NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE METHODS.

MARKETS on the Stock Exchange manage somehow to hold up. New issues in spite of the coal strike are becoming more plentiful. The market has now had time to recover, for up to the end of last week the total of new issues this year amounted to £86,799,334 against £88,839,591 for the corresponding period of 1925. This amount includes the £2,250,000 issue last week of 6½ per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares by No. 2 D.R. Cotton Mills, Ltd., guaranteed by the Dunlop Rubber Company, which was about twenty times oversubscribed. This week the gilt-edged market has been enlivened by the issue at 98½ of £6,000,000 New Zealand Government 5 per cent. Stock, redeemable in 1946. This issue was also heavily oversubscribed. New Zealand ranks high among Colonial borrowers if only because its loan prospectuses provide adequate information of the country's financial position. Last year it showed itself out of touch with the market by issuing 4½ per cent. stock at 94½, giving a yield of £4 15s. 3d. flat and £4 19s. with redemption. Eighty-five per cent. of that issue was left with underwriters. This year New Zealand gauged the market to a fine point by offering a yield of £5 1s. 6d. flat and £5 2s. 6d. with redemption. There was heavy selling of Indian Government stocks, as well as British Government securities, in order to take up this new issue. The reaction in Indian Government securities that followed was overdue.

* * *

The India Government is raising an internal 4 per cent. rupee loan of 25 crores of rupees, redeemable between 1960 and 1970. The issue price is 88 for Rs. 100 stock. India 6 per cent. Bonds, 1926, will be accepted in subscription at the rate of 101 per cent. Indian 6 per cent. Bonds 1927, at 102½ per cent., and Indian 5½ per cent. War Bonds, 1928, at 106½ per cent. respectively, of their nominal value. Part of this issue will be applied in the discharge of sterling railway debentures which it had previously been the intention to renew. This points to the changed position of Indian finances. In the last few years India has not been borrowing in London: it has, on the other hand, been replacing sterling debt by rupee debt whenever possible. The credit of the India Government has therefore improved. Three years ago it could only borrow on a 6 per cent. basis free of tax, but to-day it is raising a loan which gives a flat yield of 4.51 per cent. and a yield with redemption in 1960 of 4½ per cent. subject to tax. This improvement in Government finances has followed upon the improvement in economic conditions. There was a favourable balance of trade in 1925-26 amounting to 109 crores of rupees, which, allowing for homeward remittances of the Indian Government, left a surplus available for the payment of various services, such as shipping and banking, and for investment outside the country, of about 46 crores of rupees. The habit of foreign investment is new to India, but there is no doubt that the recent rise in India Government securities on the London Stock Exchange has been largely due to purchases by Indian investors. The rise has gone so far that the yield on some India stocks, as the following table indicates, is less than that on 5 per cent. War Loan. An exchange from India Government Stocks into the New Zealand issue was clearly demanded at the moment, but taking a long view, the prices of India Government and railway securities will gradually appreciate as stock becomes scarce.

	1925.	1926.	Current	Yield,
	Low.	High.	Price.	£ s. d.
Indian 3½%	... 63½	73½	72	4 18 0
Indian 3%	... 54½	63½	60½	4 18 3
Indian 5½%, 1932	99½	104	108½	5 3 0

We earnestly commend the report of the President of the New York Stock Exchange (May 31st, 1926), and for that matter, all past and future reports issuing from that source, to the notice of the Committee of the London Stock Exchange. It is evident that the Committee of the New York Stock Exchange is out to serve its members and the public impartially. The President's report begins with a review of the "economic background," showing the price movements of stocks and bonds, the number of new issues, and the volume of sales. It proceeds to a report on the relations between Stock Exchange and the public, and on "the course of Stock Exchange administration." It ends with a discussion of American foreign investments. A report of this kind is of immense help to the investing public. Yet the Committee of the London Stock Exchange makes no attempt to issue to the public an annual report of any description. There are two particular services of the New York Stock Exchange that should undoubtedly be impressed upon the London Stock Exchange. These are the "anti-swindle" activities of its Security Frauds Investigating Bureau, and the educational work of its Committee on Publicity. The services of the "Frauds Investigating Bureau" are free to the public. Its duties are to receive complaints from the public relating to security swindling, and to secure in all proper cases the effective co-operation of the police. This bureau has only been operating a short time, but has already done useful work. One of the routine tasks of the Committee of Publicity is to introduce visitors to the gallery overlooking the Exchange floor and to explain the procedure of trading. Meetings are frequently arranged for college students and trade conventions and the like. The Committee on Publicity also produces in pamphlet form addresses and articles concerning the Stock Exchange and its ways. Contrast these enlightened methods with the darkness in Throgmorton Street. The Committee of the London Stock Exchange stirs not a finger to protect the public against share swindling. It is left to the financial columns of weekly journals to give what space they can to this elementary duty. As for publicity, the London Stock Exchange still lives in the period of the coffee house. Occasionally an egregiously thin notice appears in a financial paper to the effect that members of the Stock Exchange are not allowed to advertise. It is because the public is not informed of the proper activities of the Stock Exchange that the victims of the share swindler increase each year.

* * *

It is, at any rate, to the credit of the Committee of the London Stock Exchange that applications for "leave to deal" are always carefully scrutinized. The President of the New York Stock Exchange calls attention to the tendency of the American corporations to issue common stock without voting power. The governing committee of the New York Stock Exchange has put itself on record as opposed to the obvious abuses which might arise through this new disease of bodies corporate. It has made no positive rule against the listing of non-voting common stock, but it refuses to list stocks where an abuse of the practice seems likely to occur. For example, it refused not long ago to list the non-voting common stock of the new Lago Oil and Transport Company. In consequence the directors of Lago had to put all stock on an equal voting basis. In passing, it is rumoured that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, which controls the Lago Oil and Transport, intends to invite Lago shareholders to exchange into Pan-American "B" Common Stock which is non-voting but which happens to be listed. If there is truth in this rumour, it shows the difficulties which any Stock Exchange has to meet in protecting the investing public.

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